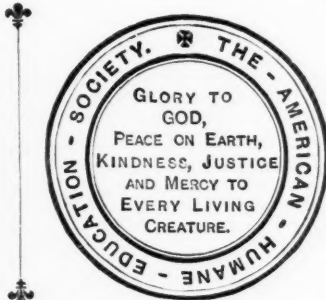


Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark. Registered.
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



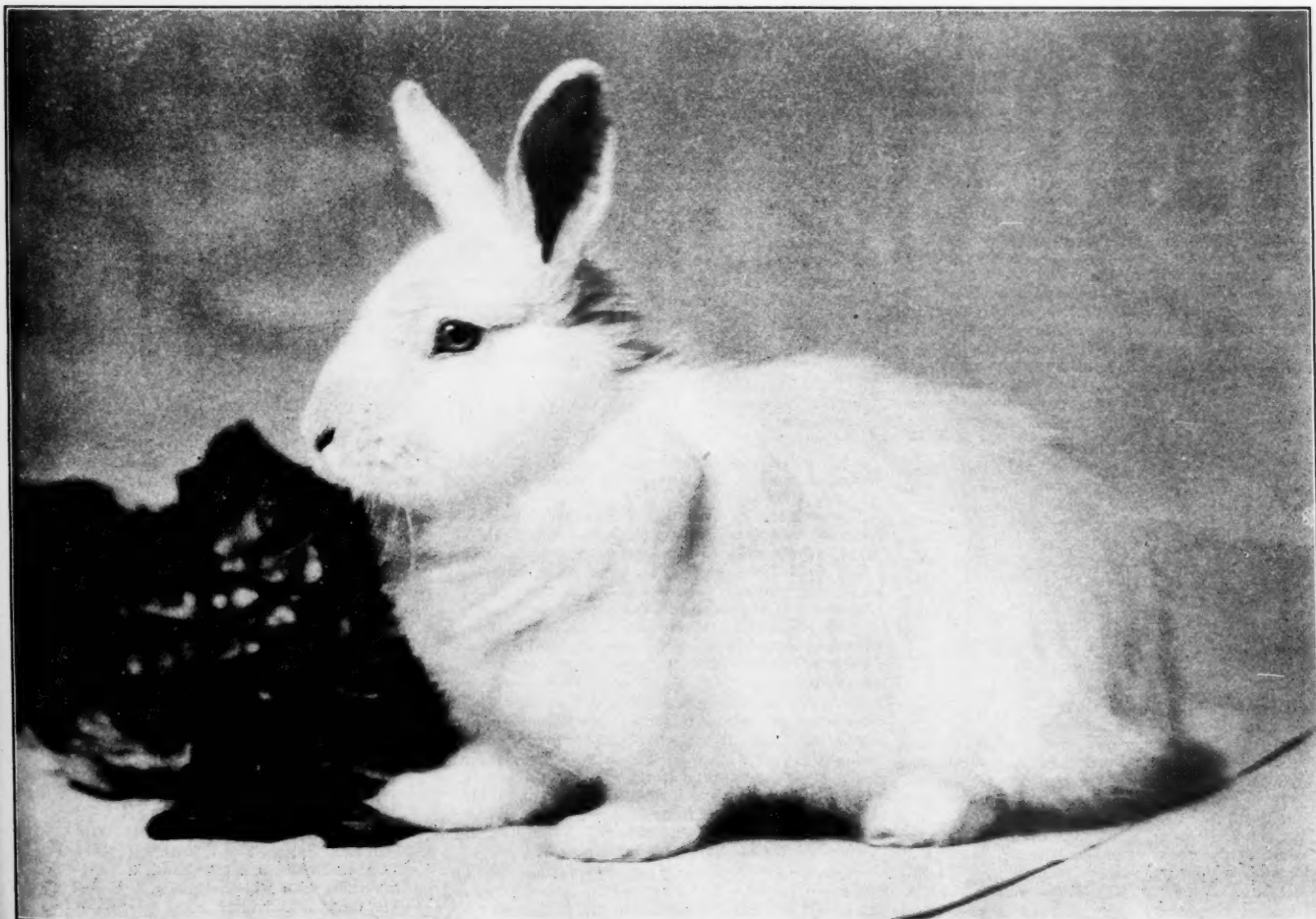
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 44

Boston, December, 1911

No. 7



"SOFT EYES PINK AS DAWN OF DAY, JACKETS WHITE AND FURRY"

For Our Dumb Animals by T. NELSON DALE of the U. S. Geological Survey

REFLECTIONS OF A GEOLOGIST

On Man's Relations to Animals

HOWEVER much scientific men may differ as to the exact nature of the difference between man and the higher vertebrates, and as to whether men and animals are under laws made by a divine person, they all agree in asserting man's mental superiority over the animal world and in claiming for him sufficient intelligence to decipher little by little the laws of the physical universe.

The superiority of man would alone seem to impose upon him certain duties toward his inferiors. But we shall not make much headway in making men humane until we admit that man, besides possessing this intellectual superiority, is also endowed with great moral capabilities; for it is that moral nature that is chiefly concerned in his relations to animals. If man is merely an extremely intelligent animal it may not signify whether he abuses beings less intelligent than himself, but if there be an undying moral element in man it signifies greatly whether he is humane or cruel to animals. The worst evil of human slavery was perhaps not the lot of the slave, but the reaction upon the slave owner. Likewise the worst part of man's cruelty to animals is the effect upon the nature of the man who practises the cruelty.

One of the evidences of the moral capability of man is the fact that when that moral nature is perverted he may sink to a lower level than that of the animal. He may do things to injure his body which the instinct of self-preservation will keep an animal from doing. While it is generally assumed that animals have no moral nature, some animals develop such an attachment to their masters and such fidelity to their wishes as to rise above many human beings who are untrue to their moral nature. That excellent and beautiful poem of Bishop Doane on the dog, which must have found its way into this magazine, brings out the contrast between the dog's fidelity to his master and the Christian's to his. This is akin also to the thought of Christ in the parable of the rich man and the beggar where he represents the dog as more pitiful to the beggar than was the rich man at whose gate he lay. "Moreover the dogs came and licked his sores." Certainly some dogs leave behind them when they die more beautiful memories than some men do.

The writer heard of a man in a village who was always at church, but who often left his cows tied up in such a cruel way that his neighbors had to rescue them. This brings up a different aspect of the subject. Here a man was endeavoring to please God and yet was inhumane to God's helpless creatures. Evidently that man's religion was vain.

Traces of Savage Ancestry

The desire to kill something which shows itself in little boys, particularly in the country, must be regarded as a trace of our savage ancestry. And to that same source should be assigned the passion for hunting which attends some men even down to old age. One might suppose that when the killing of animals became necessary to sustain human life men would resort to it reluctantly, but these hunters of birds and deer take the keenest delight in it and have no feeling for the sufferings they cause. Partners with them are those women who after being made aware of the cruelties practised upon birds in order to enable women to gratify their vanity, still persist in thus decorating themselves. To the same company belong horse-racers and people who have their horses' tails docked and those who in many other ways abuse horses.

In asserting man's mental superiority we may underestimate the intelligence of animals. They are generally more intelligent than we suppose. Some of these are endowed with an instinct of locality which we possess, but in very small measure. Many animals know enough to distinguish between their human friends and enemies. The writer heard of a case where

all the horses in a livery-stable became so agitated by the mere presence of a man who was notoriously cruel to horses that the keeper had to ask him to leave the premises.

Language of the Dumb

Animals are spoken of as "God's speechless creatures," and yet they do in various ways make known to us their likes and dislikes and their needs. Last summer while being driven on geological business the horse, who was checked, although the roads were quite hilly, kept turning his head to look at the driver. Evidently something was wrong. The driver was expostulated with and the checkrein removed. Thereafter the horse increased his speed and never turned to look at his thoughtless driver. The writer had a pet dog who had acquired the habit, whenever any member of the family or visitors opened the front door, of upsetting the waste-paper basket, taking out of it any piece of paper, and walking about the incomer with it in his mouth. This was a dog's word of welcome. The same dog when out walking would ask to carry his master's rolled-up umbrella. During his last sickness when blind he refused to drink except out of the palm of his master's hand, to which he had been used on country walks, wherever the watering-troughs were beyond his reach.

These reflections may be briefly summarized: Man stands at the head of animal life by virtue of his intelligence. Because of this superiority alone he ought to be considerate toward animals; but because he is also endowed with vast moral capacities he owes it to his higher nature to be thus considerate. The man who is cruel to animals has little more to expect from God than he who is cruel to man. The cruel instincts of men point to our savage descent. Some animals by their attachment and fidelity to their masters appear to rise higher than those men who are faithless to every trust. We generally underestimate the intelligence of animals. Although speechless they do try in various ways to communicate with us.

Finally, considerateness to animals is part of true character. Many people occupied with great things would become humanized by assuming the care of an animal and by personal attention to its lowly needs.

Pittsfield, Mass.

TEACH HUMANITY IN SCHOOLS

The Cincinnati *Post*, in an eloquent plea for humane education, takes a hopeful view of the local situation and makes the following sensible observations:

Brutality and crime—crime of all sorts and conditions—are brothers. The boy who grows up brutal will seldom develop into a good citizen. His instincts will be low, his desires will be low. He will belong to that great class of undesirables which force cities to maintain large police forces. And brutality, even of the kind that kills inoffensive birds with pebbles in a sling-shot, grows on one. It feeds on its own activity.

We believe that there should be a course in the public schools, all grades, devoted to humanity—kindness; the rights of four-footed and feathered folk.

We are improving slowly. We lay out bird reservations. Robins nest in the maples in our most crowded districts. Birds that for years sought the depths of the forests now rear their young within hearing of the roar of the street cars. In some subtle way they know that their chances of protection have been increased. They do not know that kindness is being taught and brutality discouraged in countless homes.

Yes, we are improving, but we want the world to move faster,—and we plead for school education that will teach the coming generation to be kind to animals and all birds.

A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world,
For the banner of blue that's above it unfurled,
For the streams that sparkle and sing to the sea,
For the bloom in the glade and the leaf on the tree;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the mountain peak,
Where the wind and the lightning meet and speak,
For the golden star on the soft night's breast,
And the silvery moonlight's path to rest;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the rippling notes
That come from a thousand sweet bird throats,
For the ocean wave and the sunset glow,
And the waving fields where the reapers go;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the ones so true,
And the kindly deeds they have done for you,
For the great earth's heart, when it's understood,
Is struggling still toward the pure and good;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the One who guides,
For He holds the ships and He holds the tides,
And underneath and around and above,
The world is lapped in the light of His love;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

W. L. CHILDRESS.

PRAYERS OF THE MOSLEMS

A "Circle of Prayer for the Abolition of All Forms of Cruelty," entirely acceptable to Mohammedans and adapted to all other creeds, is widely circulated in Moslem countries among the faithful, asking their help in a strong outpouring of prayer every Sunday at 10 A. M. or 3 P. M., for ten minutes. Punctuality is urged as essential to success. The prayers follow:

"O THOU, who hearest the cry of the little ones Thou hast made, grant us to realize that pain given to any living thing is pain to Thy Heart of Love. Amen.

"O THOU, all merciful and compassionate, whose life maintains the universe and all that is, who suffers in the suffering of both man and beast, be with us, strengthen and guide us in our efforts to reduce the pain that man too often inflicts on the animals who share Thy life, Thy world, Thy love with us. Give us, O Lord, love, wisdom and power, that we may work well and wisely, 'with strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere.' Grant that we may hasten the coming of that great day when pain shall have fulfilled its mission and taught its lesson, and joy—the Divine inheritance of both animals and men—shall rule on earth below as bliss reigns now in Heaven above. Amen.

"FATHER of all Love, in whom we have our being; save, we beseech Thee, Thy creatures, our little brothers, from their great suffering. Send the light of Thy wisdom into minds that are darkened that they may see and understand the unity of all the life in Thy universe. And grant that our prayers and supplications, which we raise at one time to Thee, may hasten the day when all the living creatures that Thou hast made shall be delivered from the bondage of pain into the glorious liberty of Thy children. Hear us, O Lord, we beseech Thee, and save in Thine own time and Thine own way. Amen."

CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Christ of the Andes! Evermore
Is centered in thy pulseless breast
The sovereign hope and soul of peace.
From thy imperial height thy lips,
Though voiceless speak, and we shall hear.
Thy ocean-bounded presence bids
The strife of warring nations cease.
Truth and eternal years are thine.
And the slow-moving mills of God.
The stars that waited on thy birth,
Still as of old their watches keep;
Thy spirit calls, and lo! the night
Is flushed with a diviner dawn,
The dawn of universal peace.

A. G. WHITMAN in *Youth's Companion*.

For Our Dumb Animals

THE SHEEP

[The third biennial report of the Colorado State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, from January 1, 1905, to December 1, 1906, contains a photographic reproduction showing the carcasses of 1100 sheep, 28 cattle and 4 horses starved to death out of 2500 sheep, 60 cattle and 8 horses, around house and corral of owner, J. W. Millage, near Holyoke. Money in bank; hay \$4 a ton. Illustrates the attitude of stockmen who would rather lose their stock than feed them. Similar conditions exist today in various parts of the country. We have had a dry season. Feed is short and all agree that this is to be a hard winter for stock. Many of our stock owners are eastern capitalists. Some responsibility lies at eastern doors.]

If mother love could fashion forth a speech
From dumb brute to a human mother's ear,
The depth of agony might make it reach,
The strength of love might make its message clear.

If all the moans were made in one long moan,
'T would reach from these far plains to either sea,
And mothers,—else their hearts were made of stone,
Would rise and question why such things need be.

They starve,—these poor sad mothers of the
plains,—

They freeze, and see their offspring starve and
freeze,

And yet more suffering for them remains,
They're cut and torn beneath the shearer's knees.

Think, as soft blankets round your baby cling,
Or price of wool is mentioned, what is meant
When grasping owners do their reckoning,
And figure on a loss of ten per cent.

Voice their dumb woes. Protest throughout the
land.

The "Lamb" of God—how pregnant is the name.
The "least of these" lie helpless at your hand,
And Mary's love and yours and theirs the same.
Cheyenne, Wyo. MARY BAILEY,

For Our Dumb Animals by HARRY B. KERR, Agent Wyoming State Board of Child and Animal Protection

WINTER PROBLEMS IN WYOMING



SHEEP in Wyoming are not so much abused as neglected. In the spring the lambing season is begun too soon and both ewes and lambs suffer and die in the cold wet snows. Only in a few instances is there shelter or even feed, except such as a small section of range affords. A good many herders are employed at this time together up the weak or abandoned lambs as a ewe will willingly feed none but her own which she detects by the sense of smell.

Shearing is frequently begun too soon and much suffering and heavy loss result if protracted storms occur. Shearing gangs go from pen to pen over the entire country, and some members are very cruel as the work is distressingly hard and is piece paid. Our officers are sometimes put in charge to compel proper treatment of the animals.

Summer is generally pleasant, but in the fall there is much suffering from lack of feed and water, and the overcrowding of the ranges.

In winter the sheep are usually driven to the desert country after there comes enough snow to provide for their thirst. Often for days they are without drink, and when the snowfall is heavy and crust forms, they are unable to reach the sparse grass beneath and suffer and die. Or a hard wind blows the snow and the sheep drift with the storm, suffering, scattering and dying. Often the faithful herder—usually a Mexican—dies with them.

Cruelty to Cattle on Ranges

As to cattle, the old range way of handling is still in vogue in some parts and is much more cruel now than when the country was unfenced and stock could reach lowlands, feed, and shelter. Now they sometimes drift up and down fences for days seeking feed and water that they can plainly see but cannot reach, and in winter they starve and freeze and die in sight of feed and such shelter as brush and trees might afford, but which they are fenced away from.

Horses suffer less as they get about better, going to the high and wind-swept stretches where the feed is exposed or where they can paw for it. However, they are sometimes caught by heavy snows and cannot escape. I have seen them with manes and tails eaten off by each other when everything else was gone.

Neither the state nor nation has recognized the condition of the elk. They are migratory animals and their custom is to wander in summer and then back to their winter grounds when winter comes on. They starve not because of the depth of the snow or any lack of feed but because of the wire fences that prevent their drifting with the storms. They should be given sufficient area or fed.

We are at present suffering from an epidemic of Wild West exhibitions, fostered largely by eastern visitors who pay to see the most vicious things they can get for their money. No fair or entertainment is complete without these attractions that cause so much abuse and cruelty on ranch and range in preparation for them.

Good Laws but Hard to Enforce

It is the belief of the active humane workers in the state that Wyoming has good laws covering every possible contingency, but that there are obstacles in the way of enforcement must be admitted. They are the difficulties of a sparsely settled state of vast area, chiefly inaccessibility. A case is sometimes six weeks old before we hear of it. After a case is in our hands the proper officials may be a day's journey away, to say nothing of witnesses. Lack of funds, high cost of transportation for agents, the fact that we are young—about six years old now—have been some of the hindrances.

There is a great need of humane education. The weather conditions and the usual customs have much to do with the attitude. Our trouble is to convince the people that animals have the right by law to proper care and treatment, and your paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, would be read and re-read many times this winter if scattered over the ranch and range country, helping largely toward that end, for our people are just and intelligent if once convinced.

For Our Dumb Animals by ROBERT B. ROCKWELL, Denver, Colorado

NATURE SHOTS IN THE WEST



COYOTE CAUGHT IN STEEL TRAP

This photograph strongly illustrates two things: first, the sly and cunning lines of the coyote or prairie-wolf, whose marauding proclivities often make it the object of the western farmers' and cattle-men's special animosity; and, second, it brings forcibly to mind the intense suffering caused by the use of one of man's most diabolical inventions, the steel trap.

Thanks to widespread agitation in support of game protection and rigid enforcement of humane laws, the steel trap is rapidly sinking into oblivion. May its disappearance be hastened.

AGAINST THE STEEL TRAP

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I am striving to get a bill passed by the legislature which will prohibit the use of steel traps by every one except farmers on their own land and then only for the purpose of protecting their stock and crops when invaded by animal pests. I would have the setting of traps so restricted as to prevent a vast amount of premeditated cruelty, for the trapper's occupation is this, with a few cents profit for the skin of his victim.

I understand that a law has been passed requiring trappers to visit their traps once in twenty-four hours, but this is wrong and only slightly abates the cruelty and consequent suffering. I have liberated dogs from the jaws of traps when they have been so held only for three hours and had to cut the ice from the trap with my knife before I could open it. The parts of the animals caught by the trap were swollen to three times the normal size and their agonies were so great after being released that in mercy I shot them. Mortification generally affects the parts crushed by the trap, making amputation of the limb necessary, but three-legged dogs and cats are not wanted and so the valuable dog or the useful cat, the household pets, must be sacrificed.

People in Boston and other cities of the state know very little about the amount of trapping done in the backwoods' towns, but I believe that the time is coming when a man or boy who traps an animal, wild or tame, in a steel trap will be charged with cruelty and prosecuted in court. I hope the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will continue to show up the enormity of the steel trap and use its great influence towards obtaining legislation which will abolish once for all this relic of barbarism. E. COLFAX JOHNSON, Shutesbury, Mass.

For Our Dumb Animals

ENTRANCED

The wind has hushed its whisperings in rapt forgetfulness;
The brook, reluctant, lingers there, as loath to move along;
The dainty little ruby-throat neglects to preen her dress—
And all because a bobolink has lost himself in song.
CHAS. KIELY SHETTERLY.

For Our Dumb Animals
THE DEAD MARE

There she fell, and there she lies,
On the treacherous cobblestones,
'Neath the dark and lowering clouds.
Stilled at length her sobbing groans,
For the slender leg was broken
By the cruel, crashing fall,
And a pistol shot, in mercy,
Ended all.

Ended all? And what was "all,"
For this creature rough and worn,
With her high-bred, dainty head,
And the great eyes, deep, forlorn?
Every day to draw a burden
At a master's word; and then,
Rest and food, so she might draw it
Yet again!

Never pastures fresh and green,
Never shade of kindly trees,
Where a strolling, singing brook
Sets the hours to melodies;
Never little awkward foal—
Dearer far than life—to follow
At the happy mother's heels
Over hill and hollow!

Stable, city streets, and toil—
That was "all." Yet—"all" for aye
For this being full of love,
Life and fire—that drear workday?
Are there not green pastures ready,
Somewhere, Lord, for such as she,
Who can love and toil and suffer,
Even as we?

MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

DAVID BUFFUM ON PONIES

In a recent issue of the *Outing Magazine*, the well-known horseman, David Buffum, makes these pertinent observations on the breeding and care of ponies:

I wish to impress upon my reader a law in horse breeding that is worth remembering because it makes clear a great many things in connection with the large, medium-sized, and small breeds that otherwise are not so easily understood. In increasing the size, the *natural tendency* (obviated, to more or less extent, by skilful breeding but never wholly overcome) is to a greater coarseness of structure and a loss of some of the most valued equine characteristics. Within reasonable limits this loss is rarely noticeable, but it always is when extremes are reached. In decreasing the size, this tendency is re-

versed. If any one wants a practical illustration of this, let him place a pony alongside a draft-horse, making especially a comparison of the feet. The beautiful, fine-grained, and elastic hoof of the pony is hardly in the same scale of comparison with the coarser make of the draft-horse's hoof.

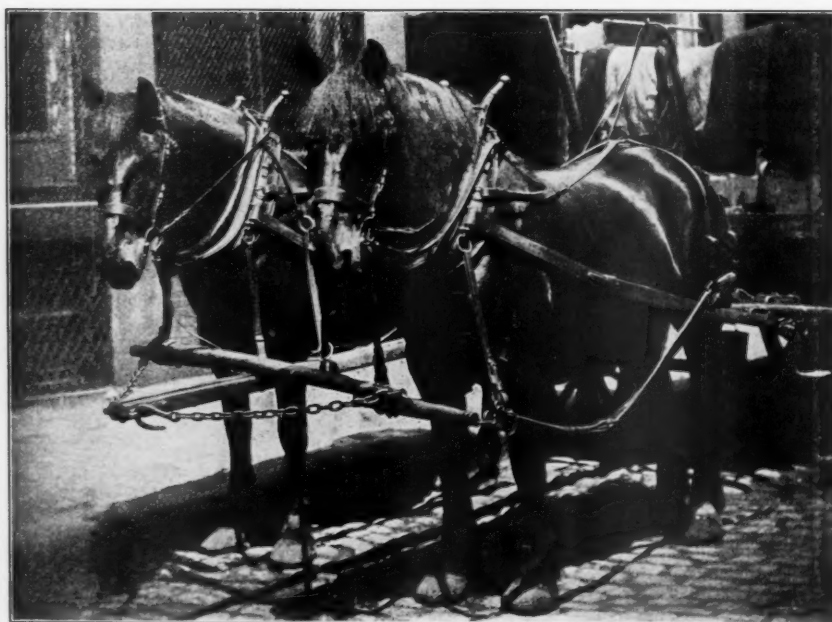
As a natural result of this law, ponies average sounder, tougher, and much less liable to sickness or accident than horses of larger breeds. And in just so far as they have attained the fixity of type of true breeds, so much more does this truth apply. The Shetland, one of the purest if not the purest of breeds of ponies, very rarely shows any of those structural unsoundnesses, such as ringbones, spavins, and curbs, that so often vex the breeders of larger stock; he is, according to his size, fast and of remarkable endurance; he is hardly ever sick or ailing, and while not such a fool as to despise good food, will get along upon rations that would be wholly insufficient for a horse of ordinary size.

Their hay should be fed them regularly; they should never be allowed to go without water to drink and the floor of their barn should be kept dry and well supplied with litter. It will pay the breeder, too, and pay him big dividends, always to keep well acquainted with his ponies and to pet them and notice them, so as to keep them very gentle and domestic—for no one wants a wild, unruly pony.

I should add that I have never found it necessary to shoe a pony. Their feet, naturally sound, hard, and elastic, become quickly accustomed to hard roads, and ponies that have been used by my children for years have never become in the least degree footsore. Customers, however, have generally had those they bought shod—possibly from a desire to see the little animal equipped in every way like a full-sized horse and possibly from a belief that he needed it. But it is a mistake to shoe any horse, pony or otherwise, that has shown that he does not need it.

I have been asked a great many times if ponies are really more intelligent than full-sized horses. They certainly appear to be. But the intelligence of any horse will develop under petting and human companionship, and there is no doubt that other horses, if given the same privileges that ponies enjoy and if their size admitted of their being handled and managed in the same way, would prove equally intelligent.

Please order all your supplies for the holiday season early and thereby save many a hard-working horse from unnecessary overwork.



THREE TIMES PRIZE WINNERS IN BOSTON WORK-HORSE PARADE

For Our Dumb Animals
THE RECLAMATION OF BONNIE
A True Story



JUST before the Doctor, who rooms at my house, left for his regular week-end at his beach home, he rapped on my door and said: "Miss Allen, you are not afraid of horses, are you?" "Indeed not!" I asserted, indignant at the suggestion. "Why?"

"I've decided to sell Bonnie," he stated firmly. "I've been feeding her for the last five years, and we don't use her once a month. You know my folks are afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?" I echoed. "I thought she was such a pet."

"She is until you put a saddle on her or hitch her to the buggy."

"What happens then?"

"Oh, the mare is all right," he went on hurriedly, ignoring my question. "They're not used to horses, that's all."

Flashes of past conversations regarding Bonnie's behavior seeped into my brain. The desire to hear what he had to say kept me silent, however.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he continued. "I'll bring her up from the beach Monday morning and I'll advertise her for sale. You can show her to people. I'll give you ten per cent. if you sell her. The entire outfit, buggy, harness and saddle, will bring two hundred dollars."

That seemed fair. I decided to risk it, and before he left it was all arranged. I found a place in the block where I could rent a stable for a dollar a week.

Some time Sunday the telephone bell rang furiously. When I answered it, I found it was the doctor's sister-in-law.

"Oh, Miss Allen," she began excitedly. "The Doctor says he is going to drive Bonnie to the city tomorrow and you are going to sell her. For goodness sake let me warn you not to try to drive that animal. Several years ago, the Doctor's wife turned her directly into an automobile. The buggy was smashed, but somehow in the mix-up the horse escaped unhurt, but since then she is deathly afraid of them. She will run in an instant. She shies and backs and turns around short. In fact, my dear girl, you'll sign your own death-warrant if you attempt to drive her in the city. We never try to use her out here, several miles in the country, even."

She talked steadily for fifteen minutes about the dangers of trying to use Bonnie. Then central cut us off. I was glad. Still I wanted to earn that twenty dollars. Then I wondered if I could not sell her by riding her. The Doctor had a fine cross saddle. I borrowed a divided skirt from a member of the Out West Riding Club.

Early Monday morning the door-bell rang. The Doctor stood on the step. Bonnie was tied to a telegraph-pole in front of the house. I got in the buggy and we drove to where I had engaged a place for her. I didn't try to take her out the next day, knowing that she would be stiff and sore from her long twenty-mile drive. The next day I rode her several miles along an unfrequented road. Nothing very terrible happened. Next day I grew bolder and we went down town. My reputation was made for a real wild west rider before we came back. As we turned into our own block a small yellow car came snorting and puffing around the corner. We went home the rest of the way on two legs. Not mine, but Bonnie's hind ones. Ever since then people speak to me and men raise their hats who never before knew I existed. So much does the world admire fearless horsemanship. That night the Doctor inquired if I had driven her yet.

I evaded his question and said that I was waiting for him to drive her first. We hitched up the next night and drove down town. We had a dreadful time. I saw what was the trouble

about the time we went up on the third sidewalk. He was afraid of her.

It was necessary that she should be newly shod if she were to be offered for sale. It fell upon me to drive her several miles that day. Every minute my eyes and hands were alert for some sudden lurch or plunge. I got home finally. I wasn't so much afraid the next day.

The Doctor had especially forbidden me to take any children driving, but the rig was so pretty and the children so coaxing, well, every child in the neighborhood was surfeited with buggy rides during Bonnie's stay. Then I tried to show her to possible purchasers. But Bonnie didn't want to be sold. Her actions were terrifying. All the neighbors held their breath and looked sad farewells when we whizzed past the corners. But we always got home safely. Then I began to see light.

Bonnie was very sweet and gentle, and I decided to see what I could do with her. The very first thing I did was to take off the checkrein. She held her head very high naturally, so it did not seem that it was a cruelty. But the first hill we climbed, down went her head and Bonnie pulled. On level road up went her head. We went out into the country for long drives. Whenever I saw a specially tempting wisp of grass along the roadside I guided her toward it. Before long she was nibbling here and there. She was such a confirmed runaway, the Doctor always tied her with double straps. When taking her around the neighborhood, I used to stake her out on vacant lots where the owners didn't object. I occasionally slipped the halter off. Bonnie followed me like a dog. Several times she broke the chain she was staked out with, but except for going over to get a drink where I generally watered her, she never strayed away.

I met an old lady one day, possibly four weeks after Bonnie's arrival.

"Did you get another horse?" she asked politely. "This one looks so gentle."

"It is the same horse," I laughed.

Doubt and incredulity covered her face like a mantle.

"Then you must certainly be a witch," she proclaimed.

"No," I hastened to tell her. "I just tried to look at things from her viewpoint. I let her do the things I would want to do if I were the horse and she were my driver. And she appreciates it."

"She certainly does," the old lady approved. There isn't much more to say about Bonnie. The Doctor's family came to the house. I took them out behind her. They were delighted. Today Bonnie is back in her luxurious home, the pet and pride of the family. A year has passed and her reform seems to be permanent. So it pays to be kind. I will always feel happy because I saved a really fine animal from becoming a city hack.

MABEL P. ALLEN,

Alliance, Nebr.

For Our Dumb Animals THE AXIS DEER

Of the little Axis deer of India it may truthfully be said it is genuinely beautiful, probably the most so of any deer in the world. From the point of view of an artist, seeking the statuesque, many others of the deer family would appeal more strongly; but to the layman this graceful, alert little deer with its striking markings would be the natural selection. Although its habitat is the tropics of India, the Axis deer thrives in our variable climate. It has bred in the Zoological Park in New York and prospered amazingly. Provided with a warm shelter house, heated in the winter, it roams in and out at will, no matter how severe the weather.

The Axis deer plunges through the drifts of snow with as keen enjoyment as the polar bear derives, and basks in the July sun on the hot rocks of his den. Where could there occur two greater extremes? The Axis deer is an excellent species for reservations and estates where suitable shelter can be provided in the winter. It is a shy and wary animal, never outgrowing its fear of man, generation after generation exhibiting the same strange fear of human beings. Like all deer it has an inveterate hatred for dogs.

AN INCIDENT IN NAPLES

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

One afternoon my party had driven off to visit some special sights, and I was mousing about Naples to see what I could see in that city of winding ways, of lovely, dirty children, and multitudinous and overworked germs and donkeys. As I strolled along, regretting more intensely each minute that I had left my camera behind, I came suddenly upon the most interesting sight of all—an agent of the S. P. C. A. in active operation! Alert, quiet, firm, in his plain uniform and initialed cap, he stood beside a team that he had stopped at the foot of a steep hill (named, by the way, after some saint, who, let us hope, seldom had her saintliness tested by having to climb it!)

A thin, rough little mare drooped listlessly between battered thills, with too scanty energy even to be glad for this respite which she accepted fatalistically without attempting to understand. Yet one ear was turned back, with some slight indication of interest, toward the animated conversation going on between her champion and the nine women and girls in the ancient carryall to which she was attached.

I never so longed to understand Italian! Yet it would have been slight use for anyone not "to the manor born" to attempt to disentangle any individual observation from the lingual maze evolved by nine agitated feminine tongues and one calm but decided masculine.

Whether Italian gallantry could not demand that any lady should descend from her carriage and walk up a dusty hill, or whether each and every lady concerned refused thus to demean herself, deponent saith not. At all events, none of the nine moved, and presently, from out the solid mass of onlookers to whom the agent addressed some of his remarks, emerged four husky youths, who lent broad shoulders and strong hands, and presto!—up the hill sped the rickety old vehicle, whose occupants wondered what was going to happen to them.

Whether the Neapolitan society empowers its representatives to "tip" such impromptu knights I could not ask, and did not see it done. At any rate, a patient burden-bearer had been promptly and effectively helped. I went over to the S. P. C. A. man, and with a few Italian words, and many gestures, caused him, I think, to understand that I was from America, from Boston, that I "belonged," and that I applauded his prompt and efficient action. I was rewarded with a beaming expression of thanks in Italian, and, when I repassed, a few hours later, with a courteous and cordial military salute, which I returned, rejoicing that we both, in different ways, were soldiers, fighting for those who cannot, or will not, fight for themselves. M. L. U.



For Our Dumb Animals by GEORGE FOSTER HOWELL

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS

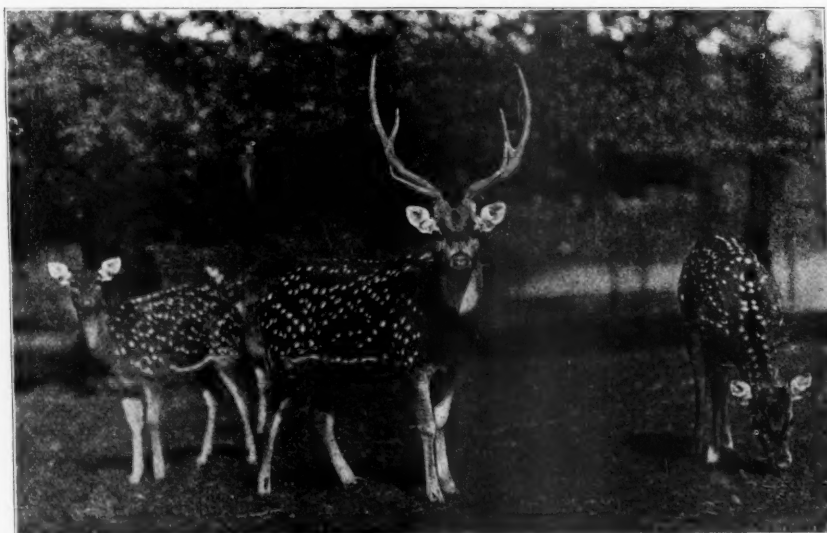
Why are there men with souls so dead that they are devoid of sympathy and love for the horse? The history of the equine race is an unbroken record of vital service to humanity. The horse brought the men of medical science and skill who ushered the sons and daughters of women into the world, speeded the physician to the side of the patient of illness or disaster, and ever goes before the dead to their final resting-place. To provide mankind he pulls the plow, hauls in the harvests, and transports the garnered grain to the consumer.

Of the entire animal kingdom the horse would be king, if the crown were awarded because of utility to man. The strenuousness of his efforts to obey and serve his taskmaster is surpassed only by the pathos of his patience. "Worked to death" is his too common fate, and fortunate is he if starvation as well as toil does not appear as a cause of his dissolution. Justice, if not common gratitude, must yet assure a better fate and better treatment for this honest, humble friend and faithful servitor.

It is not enough to count one's self among the friends of the horse—among those who individually are just and kind. To further mitigate the lot of the ill-treated, helpless, and defenceless horse, let each of us at this Christmas-tide renew his efforts to speed the gospel of the humane cult to all the people of every land.

OLD FIRE HORSES SOLD

Old Jack and Black Bob, two horses that have seen nineteen years of service in the Minneapolis fire department, were sold recently to the highest bidder. Many requests that the horses be pensioned were made, but there is no fund for caring for disabled steeds.



AXIS DEER

Photograph by ELWIN R. SANBORN

For Our Dumb Animals

MY LADY'S HAT

How many lives do you wear on your head,
 Beautiful lady across the way?
 How many chirpers are mutely dead,
 That Beldame Fashion may smile today?

Beautiful lady, I hear them sing,
 The delicate spirits that touch your hair;
 They trill and chirrup of everything
 Except the fate that has set them there.

They whistle and call on the treeless street,
 These spirits of birds that are dead and still;
 They circle and whirl above fields of wheat,
 And dip in many a foaming rill.

But because their plumage was snowy white,
 Or their breasts bore proudly a tuft of down,
 Or because their wings flung a silver light,
 Or their under-feathers were golden-brown:

Or because their necks rose in slender grace,
 Or their crests were crimson or royal blue,
 They lost in a brutal, unequal race
 With death, that their beauty might garnish you.

How many innocent birds are dead,
 That the street may gaze and approve today?
 How many lives do you wear on your head,
 Beautiful lady across the way?

LILLA B. N. WESTON,

Milwaukee, Wis.

PHEASANT SHOOTING IN FRANCE**"Le Matin" of Paris Denounces Cruelty of National Sport**

The following is a translation sent us by one of our friends in France, Mr. Edward Fox Sainsbury, which appeared originally in *Le Matin*, perhaps the most influential daily in Paris, having a circulation of about two and a half millions:

Tomorrow morning, August 27, a great change will occur in the life of the pheasant, shooting having been officially opened. They will be considered as having attained their majority. Pheasants are now considered as grown up, capable of making their own living. All food and shelter hitherto given will be cut off. The nourishing morning meal of maize and the supper of hemp-seed and corn will no more be given. Tomorrow the pheasants will wait the kindly hand and welcome smile they know so well, fore-running abundance of golden grain thrown with prodigal hand. Tomorrow the pheasants will have to drink from the lake or spring; tomorrow, shift for themselves; and instead of being the tenderly cared-for, beautiful birds, they will be "game." What a change! They must be taught to be wild!

When a hen pheasant has laid her eggs, they are taken away and put under a farm-house hen, and when hatched out they are placed in pheasant preserves, near the keepers' huts. Each covey has its own box and run. The young ones can get through the bars of the run. Later they are removed further afield, but not far from the keepers' huts, for they are very timid birds. Little by little they are placed further and further, and they now learn to fly. The foster-mother is always kept locked up, and the young pheasants always return at night to be protected by the good mother.

Finally the great, the cruel day, arrives. The pheasants are all taken into the woods far from keepers and foster-mothers. None know all the horrors and fear felt by those timid creatures, alone for the first time in the dark forest. *Some die of fright!* They must now sleep without cover, without motherly affection. Oh, the tragic night, night of despair!

These little, tenderly-reared pheasants cost a fortune to rear; almost as expensive as sending a youth to a government school! At Rambouillet (the state game preserves) they eat thirty quintals of corn a week, besides other foods, and require fifty keepers. The lowest cost of a pheasant ready for the gun is twenty-five francs. This is a minimum. People when buying a pheasant for the table little think that someone, the man who shot it most likely, is making them a present of twenty francs. Oh, the pity of it! The brutality of it!

UNPAID FARM-HANDS

The following passages are a few we have taken from a most fascinating book, published by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, and noticed elsewhere in this issue:

The position occupied by birds among the forces of nature is unique in one respect at least; their structure fits them to perform the office of a swiftly moving force of police, large bodies of which can be assembled at once to correct disturbances caused by abnormal outbreaks of plant or animal life.

The author believes, with Townsend Glover, that an acquaintance with the useful birds of the farm is as important to the farmer as a knowledge of the insect pests which attack his crops. It would be useless to descant to a man on the usefulness of the chickadee if he did not know the bird.

The annual earth-wide sweep of the tide of bird life from zone to zone renders the study of the relations of birds to other living forms throughout their range a task of the utmost magnitude. This vast migration at once suggests the question, Of what use in nature is this host of winged creatures that with the changing seasons sweeps over land and sea?

Comparatively few insects can escape birds by flight, and this they do mainly by quick dodging and turning. The speed at which birds can fly on occasion has seldom been accurately measured. The maximum flight velocity of certain wild-fowl is said to be ninety miles an hour.

The perfection of sight in birds is almost incomprehensible to those who have not studied the organs of vision. The bird's eye is much larger in proportion to the size of its owner than are the eyes of other vertebrates. It is provided with an organ called the pecten, by which, so naturalists believe, the focus can be changed in an instant, so that the bird becomes near-sighted or far-sighted at need. Such provision for changing the focus of the eye is indispensable to certain birds in their quick rush upon their prey.

The temperature of the blood is higher in birds than in other animals, and the circulation is more rapid. To maintain this high temperature, and rapid circulation, and great activity, a large amount of food is absolutely necessary. Food is the fuel without which the brightly burning fires of life must grow dim and die away. Birds are, therefore, fitted for their function of aerial police not only by their powers of flight and perception, but also by their enormous capacity for assimilating food.

No one can tell what grave and far-reaching results might follow the extermination of a single species of bird; for it is probable that the food preferences of each species are so distinctive that no other could fill its place.

Birds play a great part in the distribution of plants, the upbuilding and fertilizing of barren islands, and a minor part in the distribution of insects. The fruit-eating birds are among the most valuable of tree planters, distributing the seeds far and wide.

Two scarlet tanagers were seen eating very small caterpillars of the gypsy moth for eighteen minutes at the rate of thirty-five a minute. If we assume that they ate caterpillars at this rate for only one hour each day, they must have consumed daily twenty-one hundred caterpillars. Such a number of caterpillars would be sufficient to defoliate two average apple-trees, and so prevent fruitage. It is easily possible, therefore, for a single pair of these birds in a week's time to save the fruit of two average apple-trees—a crop worth from two to five dollars or more.

Trustworthy correspondents state that the Italian contract laborers kill practically all the birds in the neighborhood of their camps. The improvement in firearms and the reduction in their price go hand in hand with the constant increase in the number of people able to bear arms, the augmentation of the number of crack shots, and the accession to the number of birds able to hunt birds.

F. H. R.

For Our Dumb Animals by Prof. W. J. HOXIE

FROM A FRESH AIR BOY

Last summer I entertained a number of city boys at the Fresh Air Home. At one time thirty-three little fellows, many of whom had never tasted the joys of country life, were my guests. We had a royal good time, and even now the lads are happiest when talking about what they saw and did during that short but welcome outing. Already, too, they are planning for next summer, and from present indications the procession of boy life from city to country will be a long one.

A little chap that went by the name of "Chummie" was particularly delighted by the birds. He was so much interested in their pretty songs and bright colors that every time I meet him, he asks me if his cardinals are all right. The following letter surely shows the boy's thoughtfulness for his "little brothers of the air":

Dear Prof. Hoxie:

I want to know how my little cardinals are getting along. Have any of the young ones got the bright feathers yet? You know you said some of them would in the fall. I want to tell some of the other fellers about it as soon as you can find out.



Photograph from Audubon Society

A PAIR OF CARDINALS

I expect my little brother will be big enough to come to the Fresh Air Home next year, but he is so greedy it will be hard work to make him save any bread to feed them with. Wasn't it fun to see that old father bird cock up his topknot and try to chase the little wrens away from the crumbs? Just as if there was not enough for all. Scrappy wants to know if you think they will like oats. His father drives a hack and he says he can get lots of oats. It won't be stealing, you know, for the horses have more than they can eat and won't miss a little every day. His father won't know.

My mother says she thinks the wrens will like worms best. If you can just show us where to dig worms, me and Scrappy will be right on the job as soon as we get there. Don't you think it would be a good place down under that bay-tree where we saw the brown thrasher scratching so hard? You know you said he was after worms. And how long do you think worms will live after they are dug up? We might dig some before we go down next year and keep them in some good place out in the yard so as to have plenty for the wrens the first day. If we begin soon enough they may learn to eat out of our hands, for you know one almost did this year.

This is all now, from your Fresh Air boy,

Savannah, Ga.

CHUMMIE,

THE ROBIN

The Robin is a bonny bird, as merry childhood knows,
Although he wears no gaudy crown, and dons no dainty hose;
Although no sun-hues paint his wing, or play about his crest,
One ruddy flush of beauty burns upon his buoyant breast!

The Robin is a sacred bird, by Nature's nameless charm:
Romance and song have hallowed him, and shielded him from harm:
The school-boy, as he roams about, on mischief bent, or play,
Peeps in upon his callow brood, but takes them not away.

The Robin is a gentle bird: for, so old legends tell,
The babes within the forest wide, he guarded long and well;
He made for them a winding-sheet of fragrant leaves and flowers,
And sang a daily dirge for them in dim cathedral bowers.

The Robin is a tuneful bird; how oft at shut of day
With his familiar music, he disturbs the dewy spray!
With song so quaint and querulous, and yet so sweet and wild,
That Age leans on its trembling staff and listens like a child.

The Robin is a social bird, that loves the kindly poor;
He scorns the palace porch, but comes to haunt the cottage door;
For bit or crumb he is not dumb, nor insolent, nor shy;
He sets his thanks to melody, and bids his friends good-bye!

The Robin is a patient bird, for in the sternest hour,
His grateful anthem gushes forth with most consoling power,
And though a touch of sadness seems to mingle with the strain,
'Tis such as suits the pensive ear, and gives the heart no pain.

The Robin is the Poet's bird; poetic is his name,
And mortal minstrels, not a few, have linked him with their fame;
Poor Robin Bloomfield spake his praise, as eke did Robin Burns,
And Redbreast sings a requiem above their honored urns.

The Robin is a welcome bird; when frost is creeping round,
When snow-wreaths wrap the ghostly trees, and clothe the stilly ground;
But woe to them who have no heart to love his simple lay!
For birds, like flowers, are pleasant things that never lead astray.

Then from the Robin let me learn some lessons good and wise;
Firm faithfulness, sweet cheerfulness, beneath the sternest skies;
A hymn of praise, an upward gaze to Him who guides and gives,
Who moulds and moves, sustains and loves the humblest thing that lives!

J. C. PRINCE in *Every Where*.

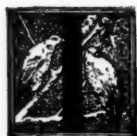


YOUNG ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCREECH-OWLS

For Our Dumb Animals by MATILDA MILLER, Principal Sixth Ward School, Eau Claire, Wisconsin

FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER

Directions to Pupils for Preparing Tempting Tables for Winged Patrons



It is coming to be a fairly frequent sight in Eau Claire to see bird-tables erected in the yards, or fastened to trees on the boulevards in front of the homes, and spread daily with food for the birds. Cracked corn, cracked nuts, hay-seed, crumbs and table scraps, bits of meat, especially suet, and a dish of water are on the daily bill of fare.

Besides the benefit to the birds, work of this kind, when undertaken by the pupils of the schools, has an educational value that cannot be overestimated. It means the development of humane tendencies, and a training in systematic observation and the acquiring of a fund of birdlore that cannot fail to prove a constant source of pleasure later in life.

Many inquiries have come to the writer as to how to make and maintain these bird-tables. The following practical suggestions are therefore given for the use of all interested in this phase of humane work:

A board, six inches wide and two feet long, should be fastened to a tree; or on a high post out of the reach of cats; or against a convenient window-sill. One trouble that will immediately present itself is the English sparrow. It will be difficult to keep these little nuisances away from the lunch-counter. One would like to be merciful and let them feed with the others, were it not for increasing the troubles of springtime nesting.

A suggestion that the writer received from one of the Audubon Societies in a small town, and that is reported to have worked well, is worth trying:

A board the usual size is hinged at one end to a window-sill in such a way as to allow the outer

end of the board to drop. The board is held about level by a string fastened to its outer end and to the top of the window. In this string,—that is, forming a part of it,—a thin or light spiral spring is fastened. The food and water dishes are placed at the outer end of the board. When a bird alights, the feeding-board teeters up and down. The report states that other birds will feed at the table, but that the English sparrow will not visit it a second time. If this simple scheme is effective in dealing with the English sparrow, then one of the problems of bird lovers has been solved.

If the lunch-counter proves attractive, and it undoubtedly will, many birds may be studied at close range. Among the visitors will be the chickadee, the red-breasted nuthatch, white-breasted nuthatch, downy and hairy woodpeckers, blue jay, junco, and an occasional robin.

Some birds, who are accustomed to search for their food close to the ground, are not so likely to find the table,—notably the juncos; the white-throated sparrows; the white-crowned and the tree-sparrows. For these birds a better way is to spade up a bit of ground, if the frost is sufficiently out; or keep it clear of snow if there are late storms, and place the food upon it.

All winter birds must have a good supply of heat-producing food. Most of them are very fond of suet, and the best way to furnish it is to fasten a piece about three inches long to the trunk of a tree near the house.

The observations by the pupils will be of greater value if they are required to give systematic reports of their work.

Every boy and girl should cooperate heartily with those who are endeavoring to save the birds. Energetic measures are necessary, for the danger is great.

For Our Dumb Animals

HABITS OF THE SCREECH-OWLS



COLORADO is the home of these scrappy, interesting little fellows which are hatched in the dark cavity of a hollow tree, and are carefully fed and nurtured by the fond parents for nearly a month before they leave the nest.

Upon leaving the nest they find welcome concealment amid the dense green leaves of the trees during the day, and at night launch forth for their lessons in flying.

Their food consists of mice, frogs, crawfish, and sometimes a small bird. They are very pugnacious and hot-tempered when captured, but are easily tamed and make interesting captives, though one could hardly call them pets.

They are resident in one locality throughout the year. During the severe winter weather they can be found warmly cuddled in a thick lining of furry feathers deep in the heart of a hollow tree.

Their hunting is mostly done at night, but the birds see fairly well by day. Their sense of hearing is very keen.

The parent birds are very devoted to the eggs and young, and will not leave their nests until removed by force.

ROBERT B. ROCKWELL,
Denver, Colo.

A cheerful song for every day,
And not for glad days only;
A song to clear a misty way,
And soothe a heart that's lonely;
A song that's not too late to bring
Joy unto one that may not sing.

A song whose mission 'tis to find
And cheer the place of sorrow,
And have its message glad and kind,
Fulfilled before tomorrow—
Whether the skies be blue or gray,
A cheerful song for every day.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
 Boston, December, 1911

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
 GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions and remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts which is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions will be given.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale at greatly reduced prices.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

THE DEADLY TRAP

The steel trap, one of the most excruciating means of torture ever devised, must go. If all the humane societies of the country, backed up by all lovers of fair play, will start a persistent campaign of agitation against this absolutely merciless method of capturing wild animals, which often becomes the instrument of dreadful suffering to domestic animals as well, this wretched relic of savagery can be abolished from our civilization.

Here is an illustration of its deadly work:

North Chelmsford, October 13.—A case of wanton cruelty to two dumb animals has recently come to the notice of the owners of two dogs, who were compelled to have them destroyed to put an end to their sufferings. For about eight days Mr. and Mrs. Costello of the Cross road had missed two of their dogs, and had about given up all hopes of ever seeing them again. Great was their surprise, last Tuesday, to see their pets return home, but in such a condition as would have appealed to the sympathies of any human being. In an emaciated condition and each with one of its hind legs nearly severed from the body, the poor beasts certainly presented a pitiable appearance. It is assumed that while prowling around the dogs must have got caught in some trap from which they failed to extricate themselves. Their sad condition was called to the attention of Charles F. Richardson, the agent of the Lowell Humane Society, who said it was best to do away with them as they were beyond any kind of assistance.

The new Protection of Animals' Act recently passed by the English Parliament provides that all spring traps shall be inspected "at least once a day." England is so far along in preventing this form of cruelty.

F. H. R.

THE WORDS OF THE WISE

Victor Hugo once wrote, "What is the highest faculty of the soul? Is it genius? No, it is goodness, kindness. When there is nothing under the left breast there can be nothing perfect in the head. Genius is a great heart."

Painted on the white rim of an ornamental two-wheeled cart filled with flowers, which we saw this summer in the court of a quaint hotel in Normandy, are the words of Alexandre Dumas. Some one had asked him if he was fond of animals. His answer was, "I love animals, but I abhor beasts."

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the great musician, and the life-long friend of animals, took into his home a little dog. The enraged concierge waited his chance and notified the owner of the house. Soon a letter arrived for the musician which said, "Monsieur, my house is not a zoological garden!" Saint-Saëns sent back the answer, "Monsieur, if you wish your house to be a zoological garden you have only to live in it."—*Revue Illustrée des Animaux*.

F. H. R.

IN NEW YORK STATE

The President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. spoke November 16 at the annual meeting of the New York State Humane Societies, which was held at Auburn. His theme was, "An Indictment of the American Slaughter-House."

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

An interview with a Distinguished Authority

One of the pleasantest interviews of the summer on the other side of the water was that had with P. Chalmers Mitchell, M. A., D. Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. Dr. Mitchell is the secretary of the Zoological Society of London, and the man whose scientific knowledge of animals has placed him in the position of supreme authority at the London Zoological Gardens. I particularly wanted to meet him because here in our own country the tendency seems to be growing to establish collections of animals in captivity. Indeed many a street railway company with a pleasure resort on its line is offering additional attraction to its patrons to visit its park or garden by keeping shut up behind prison-bars as many wild animals as it can get. I was sure I should learn something from Dr. Mitchell that would be of service to our Society in determining its attitude toward these various menageries.

Months ago in reading the book, "Beasts and Men," by Carl Hagenbeck, I had been interested deeply in Dr. Mitchell because of something said by him in the introduction which he had written to that volume. In that introduction, speaking of trained animals, he had said, "I gradually became convinced that abject terror of the trainer lies behind the tricks, a conviction that is not disturbed by the rewards of food that are given;" and because of the genuine love of animals that appeared to characterize all that Dr. Mitchell wrote. I remember this also in that introduction; after he had spoken of Hagenbeck's real affection for and sympathy with animals, he says, "I have heard defenders of these forms of sport (big game shooting) speak as if the poet Coleridge had written:

"He killeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small."

A very kind note of introduction from a friend who is a member of the Zoological Society made my entrance easy into Dr. Mitchell's library. I found him anything but the proverbial Englishman, of whom we so often think as rather reserved and distant in manner. He was very courteous and cordial, and willing to impart any information he could relative to animals in captivity. A scientific man who has spent many years in patient study of animal life, he is at the same time a gentleman whom it is a rare pleasure for just the ordinary unscientific lover of animals to meet.

Among the first questions I asked him was this: "What, in your conception of it, is the purpose of a zoological garden?" His answer was, "The spread among the people of the knowledge of, the love for, and sympathy with living animals."

"Animals," he went on to say, evidently speaking out of something very deep within him,—"animals, after all, are the really beautiful and attractive things in nature. The jewels that men search for, the precious stones they prize so highly,—what are these when compared with that wealth of animal life that fills the world? These living creatures are nature's great revelations of life."

"As to the general management of a zoological garden, what are some of the fundamental things that must always be remembered?" That was another question. This led to a reply clothed in substantially the following language: "I am myself a scientific naturalist, that is my calling, and still I am free to say that the worst enemy the zoological garden has is the scientific naturalist. This man is almost always chiefly concerned about the number of the specimens. He wants to add every new obtainable species and then to see that all are scientifically classified. This generally is done at the expense of the comfort and health of the individual animals, meaning more cramping of space and less facility to live out their natural life. The zoological garden is not the best place for that sort of study. It can be done much better, and certainly far more humanely, in the scientific museum with stuffed and mounted animals and birds. Never, if you can help it, allow new species to be received when it means the sacrificing of room

necessary to the well-being of the specimens already on hand. Those only should be accepted that can be properly housed and cared for and enabled to show themselves as living things." The emphasis was always on the word "living." These collections are for the exhibition, in his thought, of animals that are alive; and so far as possible every opportunity should be given the animals to reveal their natural habits and peculiarities.

"Can there be any justification, in your judgment, for taking these wild creatures from their native haunts at the great cost of life necessitated by their transportation and acclimatization,—and the death-rate it is frankly admitted is startling—and confining them within these narrow bounds?" Rather a leading question to ask the man at the head of one of the largest zoological gardens in the world. The answer was as good an apology for such institutions as he represented as probably can be made.

He said that one of the reasons justifying the zoological garden, on which he would lay stress, was that which grew out of the humanitarian idea. Now that so many species of animal life are being destroyed by hunters—hunters of all sorts and conditions, from a widely-known American ex-president to every inconspicuous Nimrod that wants to kill something—nothing, he believes, will more surely quicken public interest in animals, particularly in wild animals, and arouse people to the necessity of protecting their still free fellows from the hunter than visiting them in a zoological garden and learning to love them.

"I remember," he continued, "walking through our garden here one day with the present Emperor of Germany and saying to him, 'Your Majesty, does it seem possible that men and women and children can come again and again to a place like this, stand, for instance, in front of these beautiful giraffes, feed them, watch them, and then ever want to hurt them or be willing to permit anyone else to do it?'" The Emperor's reply was, "Why not say that to your own sovereign? Remember that I refused absolutely to grant Mr. Roosevelt the privilege to hunt in any part of Africa controlled by Germany. If your own king had taken that position it would have been much better."

This plea for the zoological garden in the interests of wild animals themselves was to me a novel one. I feel sure Dr. Mitchell's belief is that in England there will be awakened in time so intelligent a regard for the creatures whose fellows are collected in such gardens that it will be possible to secure legislation that will protect them in their native haunts throughout the British Empire.

Whether one accepts this or not, or even if one thinks that there is nothing that can justify keeping wild animals in captivity, here at least is put forth an argument for the practice based upon the larger good, it is claimed, of the multitudes of their kind whose future destruction or suffering their unhappiness may prevent.

It would seem from the experience of this distinguished authority that wherever our humane societies are compelled to deal with animals in captivity they must insist that such conditions shall be provided as will make it possible for the animal to live out its life as nearly as may be according to its pre-captive state. The well-being of the individual captive must not be sacrificed to the interest of the scientific expert who is chiefly anxious to increase the number of specimens and who would enlarge the collection at the expense of the comfort and health of those already in confinement.

Once more let us return to Dr. Mitchell's idea of the purpose of the zoological garden: "The spread among the people of the knowledge of, the love for and sympathy with living animals." Does the zoo do this? If it does it surely has some reason for being. Yet we still are compelled to believe that the cost in life, health and welfare to the captive outweighs all the good its captivity may bring.

F. H. R.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

FIGURES AND GIFTS OF A MONTH

Animals examined	3942
Number of prosecutions	12
Number of convictions	10
Horses taken from work	103
Horses humanely killed	113

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts of \$1500 from "A Friend," \$400 from B. R. Banning, for improved slaughtering methods, and \$100 from Mrs. L. N. Kettle. The Society has received \$2416, partial bequest of Mrs. Isabel R. Cobb; and \$100, bequest of Dr. Henry L. Shaw. Boston, November 15, 1911.

OUR ANGELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

We are able in this issue to announce the purchase of a very choice building site for our Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals, in connection with which are to be the offices of our two Societies and the headquarters of all our work. The lot, containing 23,462 square feet, is on Longwood avenue, near Huntington avenue. In the judgment of competent real estate men we have secured a valuable piece of property at a very low figure. We shall be in the near neighborhood of what is to be in a few years the greatest hospital centre on the face of the globe. The Peter Brigham Hospital, the Children's Hospital, the Infants' Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, are to be some of the institutions close at hand.

This location is much nearer the heart of things than will at first sight appear until one thinks of greater Boston, and realizes that ere long this situation will be sufficiently central to meet our fullest needs. For a time an emergency station may have to be maintained somewhere in the more congested teaming section. Our electric ambulance, however, covers long distances so rapidly that calls from anywhere in the city are very quickly answered.

The hospital will not be built until we have raised the necessary funds to pay for it, or have them in prospect. We do not purpose to cripple our present work. We want to see it paid for and in part at least endowed. This will mean many large gifts and many small ones. Who will give us the first notable contribution to start our building fund? We have already toward the project a trifle over \$40,000. We want \$250,000 more. The name of every contributor, no matter what his gift, is to be perpetuated in some tangible form in the building. We expect many wards and stalls will be endowed in memory of animals that are affectionately remembered by their owners. F. H. R.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. extends through *Our Dumb Animals* its heartiest congratulations to His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, one of our vice-presidents, upon his exaltation to the high office recently conferred upon him. The cardinals take precedence of all dignitaries except the Pope in the Roman Catholic Church. F. H. R.

INSPECTION OF STABLES

Free Offering by the Boston Work-Horse Parade Association

The Boston Work-Horse Parade Association has issued its annual circular offering to provide free inspection of all stables entered for that purpose. This stable inspection is regarded by the directors of the Association as equally important with the Parade. There is no entry fee or charge of any kind, and entries can be made at any time. The inspection is done by the best experts that can be obtained in New England, and their reports are transmitted confidentially to the proprietor of the stable. Prizes are awarded at the annual Parade to stable-keepers, foremen, and night-men. Last year the stables entered varied in size from those that contained one horse to those that contained three hundred. Among the stables were those of three corporations owning in the aggregate three hundred horses.

Entry blanks can be obtained at the office of the Association, 15 Beacon street, Boston.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME

Advocates of bird protection, intelligent farmers, and fair sportsmen are united in their efforts to prevent further slaughter of the turtle-dove in Georgia. A state game commission has been created and more than sixty wardens are trying to protect these birds which are of so much benefit to farmers, especially cotton growers throughout the southern states.

The turtle-dove is a beautiful bird, generally beloved by all Americans. As a game bird it furnishes only a few ounces of food and should in reality not be classed as such. Its value consists in its weed-destroying activities. Two-thirds of its food is the seed of weeds that are the greatest menace to the farmers' crops.

The New England and other northern states have long taken measures to protect the beautiful and exceedingly useful turtle-dove, but during its winter sojourn in the South it has been outrageously persecuted and massacred by the hundreds of thousands every year. Its foes are those who kill it not for sport, indeed the true sportsmen would never deign to shoot so gentle and lovely a creature, but the game hog who shoots for profit.

The one effectual method of ridding the country of this type of marauder is by prohibiting the sale of game at all seasons of the year, as has already been done in at least one state. This would not affect the average hunter, nor would he oppose it. And it would put an end to a practice which is largely the cause of our decreasing wild animals and birds.

Each year the game laws are being more strictly enforced, and the protectors have obtained a large number of convictions. The officials are no longer ready to overlook violations of the law, but are making every effort to put a stop to illegal hunting. And in this work they have the moral support of all good citizens.

IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

The Berkshire Animal Rescue League of Dalton and Pittsfield, Massachusetts, shows increased activity and success, according to the fourth annual report of its president, Mrs. Jeannie Laflin Crane-Couch.

During the last six months the League doubled its active membership. It has at present over 500 names enrolled. Nearly 1200 animals were involved in the year's work.

HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1912

A handsome calendar for 1912 has been published by our American Humane Education Society. On the card is an attractive picture, and the twelve leaves of the pad contain appropriate quotations, suggestions for the care of animals, hints for teachers, etc. Samples, prepaid, fifteen cents each. When ordered in quantities to be sent by express, humane societies may have their name and list of officers printed at the top of the calendars at the following prices: 100 for \$6.00; 200 for \$11.50; 300 for \$16.50; 400 for \$21.50; 500 for \$26.50; 1000 for \$40. Orders should be forwarded at once to insure prompt delivery.

AMONG THE HUNTERS

In my recent travels I have visited hunting camps, shooting lodges, and gunning parties in the endeavor to impress upon sportsmen that the killing of dumb creatures for sport is a relic of barbarism in our natures that does not make for human happiness or progress, but on the contrary hardens the heart and stifles the spirit of man.

Sportsmen create nothing, but on the contrary are factors that help to destroy what is known as the "balance" in nature.

Even in Africa, where game abounds, it is deemed expedient by the English government to call "halt" in the matter of wanton butchery of game for sport. Governments are beginning to recognize that society as a whole has interests and rights in these wild creatures which have hitherto been ignored.

Conservation is a term most pregnant with meaning to far-seeing men in this age, and the right of posterity to the unimpaired privileges and enjoyment of nature's bounty is being recognized as a claim that transcends the advantage and pleasure of a few whose tacit slogan is "after us the deluge."

Take birds—millions of them killed each year for sport and fashion, compelling us to spend millions to kill insects that they would have destroyed.

Take our wild game, both bird and beast. It is fast being exterminated. Pretty soon I expect that the nature lover, the camera user, the school-teacher, the student and other peaceful citizens who love the call of the wild, will be obliged to ask the government to take the stuffed birds and animals out of our museums and distribute them around in fields and woods to impart realism, all because a few sport-loving citizens are destroying wild creatures at the expense of the whole community.

Conservation of bird and animal life is now being recognized as vitally essential to the prosperity and happiness of the whole people. It is being pretty generally conceded that no privileged class should be permitted to exterminate natural features or resources advantageous to the whole if preserved, and that public opinion, crystallized into law, must stop it and quickly in the case of wild creatures, if they are to be perpetuated. No privileged class of people in the country has any more right to go about with guns disturbing the balance in nature by picking off its wild birds and animals than it has to go about with axes chipping souvenirs off the town halls or any other public property.

These are some of the considerations aside from purely humane reasons, why wild life should be further protected from destruction, and they constitute an effective protest. But the great thing which the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals desires to do is to get people to think what is likely to be the effect of their acts on creatures who share their own capacity for physical suffering, believing that when once this habit of thought is established, a desire to spare the poor animals as much as possible is pretty sure to follow.

I wonder how many sportsmen have ever given any downright serious thought to the question by a famous English jurist, "Can they suffer?" I have no doubt that the majority of sportsmen are good hearted, but many of them haven't yet awakened to the fact that killing dumb creatures for sport is nothing more nor less than wanton cruelty.

Sober reflection and a more humane viewpoint will soon teach us to despise amusements which are purchased at the expense of suffering to animals.

I am hoping as the result of this campaign among sportsmen to make some converts to the humane cause and hope there may be many who will change their views, cooperate with the noble charity that I represent, and endeavor to make amends for their past thoughtlessness by devoting the remainder of their lives and some of their money in bringing protection and happiness to the dumb creatures to whose misery they formerly so largely contributed both in time and money. ED. H. PACKARD.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

SAVING—LOSING

Lord Macaulay said, in 1847, in the English Parliament, in a carefully prepared speech advocating the duty of the government to provide for the education of its youth: "For every pound that you save in education, you will spend five in prosecutions and in prisons."

This is pre-eminently true in the matter of humane education. The public schools of our country where teachers are instilling into the minds of their pupils lessons on kindness and justice, awakening the soul of the child to the claims of man and beast for fair and noble treatment, are saving their communities and states a vast amount of money that would otherwise in the future have to be paid for the punishment of crime.

F. H. R.

THE CRIME OF ITALY

Nearly all the great journals of the civilized world seem united in their protest against the present war carried on by Italy against Turkey. Even *Il Secolo*, an Italian paper, charges its government with no higher motive than plunder. The *Advocate of Peace* says: "It is high-handed robbery of which none of us would have believed modern Italy capable." In the whole of Tripoli, before the war, there were only 600 or 700 Italians. One would have supposed from Italy's claims that there was a very large Italian population being bitterly wronged by the Turks.

F. H. R.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

"If it is true," says an exchange, "as cabled from Berlin, that the German government has for some time been carrying on negotiations with the British cabinet looking to an arrangement to check the growth of navies, it is easily the most encouraging international news that has been published for a long time."

F. H. R.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN

"Spain is the most backward country in Europe, and I may almost say in the world, in all that pertains to the protection of animals," writes J. Garcia de Toledo in a recent bulletin on "Protection to Animals in Spain."

President of the "Liga Humanitaria" at Malaga, this man has labored untiringly in the animal cause in his country and has accomplished much, even though single-handed and with extremely limited means. His latest pamphlet is sent out to all those who have shown their sympathy and interest in the situation in Spain. He is the only person residing in the country who has written in English on the subject.

HEART EDUCATION IN DULUTH

Superintendent Deerfeld of the public schools of Duluth, Minnesota, has recently announced that twenty minutes each week shall be devoted to humane education throughout the schools of the city, and that four programs on birds and animals shall be given yearly. Miss Hicken, principal of the Adams school, has had regular humane instruction in her school since the formation of Bands of Mercy there, twelve years ago.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS' ACT

A long step ahead in the prevention of cruelty to animals was taken in Great Britain by the passage of the "protection of animals' act." This measure has interested workers in behalf of animals the world over. It embodies certain features entirely new that bear upon conditions never before reached by law.

The new act secures, among other things, the prevention of revengeful treatment of dogs or other animals after a conviction of an owner for cruelty, and provides a deterrent to the cruel treatment of performing animals. It also provides for the inspection of spring traps "at least once every day," and imposes penalties on those who sell poisoned grain or seed, or who place poison without taking reasonable precautions against access to it by dogs or other domestic animals.

A significant clause in the new law relates to animals used for food, and states that the act shall not apply to "the commission or omission of any act in the course of the destruction, or the preparation for destruction, of any animal as food for mankind, unless such destruction or such preparation was accompanied by the infliction of unnecessary suffering." Those who have been striving to mitigate the sufferings of animals in slaughter-houses or to lessen the cruelties in the transportation of food animals will see that this statute affords additional power in the regulation of such traffic. Severe penalties are imposed by this law and acts of cruelty are punishable by a fine of £25 or imprisonment for a term of six months.

Other provisions of the act place restrictions upon the performing of operations upon animals, forfeiture of animals whose owners are likely to continue to cruelly treat them, and closer scrutiny of the slaughtering business by constables.

The passage of this act marks a very decided advance in English public opinion upon matters affecting animals. The result of such legislation is sure to be very closely watched in other countries.



USEFUL BIRDS AND THEIR PROTECTION, Edward Howe Forbush.

This book by the ornithologist to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, deserves a much more extended review than we are able to give it. It is at once a carefully prepared study of the birds of the state,—many of them familiar to all New Englanders, and at the same time a most delightfully interesting volume to read. To begin it means to finish it. Bird lovers everywhere will find it of great service to them, a book many times to be consulted after it is read.

The author declares his purpose to have been not the writing of a bird manual, or of a systematic account of the birds of the commonwealth, and tells us that the scope of the book is chiefly economic. The farmer certainly could do nothing better for his farm than give this volume a thorough reading. He will learn as never before the worth to him of the birds that visit him and nest in his trees. The chapter on the means of attracting and protecting birds is one that would abundantly repay any one for the purchase of the book.

An official announcement says: There is no free list. The price per copy is \$1. Transportation is 36 cents additional, if by mail, and 15 cents upward if by express.

437 pp. Mass. State Board of Agriculture, Boston.

AT MY WINDOW, Ruth A. Johnstone.

That pigeons readily become the friendliest of winged folk and are intelligent, affectionate, and confiding, needs but the sympathetic nature and the facile pen of the author of this book to demonstrate.

High up over the roofs of city blocks where sunny windows looked out upon the Hudson river, Mrs.

Johnstone had apartments ideally situated, as they proved, for a veritable "pigeons' paradise." Thither flew the timid and cautious, the tame and terrified; even the blind and maimed seemed to single out this refuge and show their gratitude for the proffered crumb and caressing hand. Such close intimacy with her many pet pigeons enabled her to study minutely their ways, characteristics and relationships.

The volume of twenty short chapters records the writer's observations and tells in fascinating phrase the faults and virtues, so human-like in many respects, of these gentle creatures which have graced and beautified this world since the days of the flood. An attractive frontispiece in colors represents the author and her feathered friends at her window.

114 pp. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

PEOPLE OF THE WILD, F. St. Mars.

Brimful of interest to those who would read about wild animals are each of the separate stories, seven in number, which comprise this volume.

How to make a living is the chief concern of the people of the wild—the animals. It is the business in which all must engage. Living to them means prey, the food which sustains, and as their food is other animals, desperately earnest is the struggle for existence. To say that it was the survival of the fittest would not be true, for swiftness and cunning are at times pitted against ferocity and might and as often win in animal combat where death is the stake.

Mighty encounter and desperate defense are the rule of the wild, and how superbly developed are the faculties of some of the actors in this tragedy is cleverly related in this modest volume. Realistic illustrations by Bull, Truslow, and Cedarquist add interest.

261 pp. \$1.25 net. Outing Publishing Company, New York.

THE BLOOD OF THE ARENA, Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

Never has a more vivid description of the sanguinary sport of bull-fighting been written. "Born for the bull-ring" was Juan Gallardo, the hero of this novel. His rise to fame is meteoric. As the proud idol of the masses he is brought face to face with death a thousand times. In every plaza of Spain he is hailed as the "star of the art," "the greatest man in the world." Multitudes with the blindness of fanaticism are frenzied by the daring exploits of this prodigy. But his downfall and disgrace are equally swift. From the heights of popularity he is suddenly tossed to the depths of ignominy by the horns of a madly tortured bull.

This is the human side. Other creatures must figure in these scenes of Spanish barbarity. They are the animals, the horses and bulls. Of the former the author says:

"The horses destined for the bull-fight the following day were almost dragged out of the stables to be examined and passed upon by the picadores. These worn-out remnants of wretched horse-flesh advanced, with tremulous flanks drooping with old age and sickness, a reproach to human ingratitude so forgetful of past service. Some were mere skeletons with sharp protruding ribs that seemed about to break through their hairy hide. Others walked proudly, stamping their strong hoofs, their coats shining and their eyes bright; beautiful animals that it was hard to imagine among outcasts destined to death, magnificent beasts that seemed to have been recently unharnessed from a luxurious carriage. These were the most dreaded, for they were horses afflicted with vertigo and other maladies, and behind these specimens of misery and infirmity, rang the sad hoof-beats of steeds past work, mill and factory horses, farm horses, public cab nags, all dulled by years of pulling the plough or the cart, unhappy pariahs who were going to be exploited until the last instant, forced to provide diversion to men with their pawing and springing when the bull's horns gored their shrinking bodies."

Unpleasant is the tale of this barbarous art, but it should be the means of hastening the end of those degenerate scenes which have long been the curse of Spain.

Four full-page colored illustrations. Translated into English by Frances Douglas.

386 pp. \$1.35 net. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Four hundred and fifty-five new branches of the Band of Mercy were reported last month, bringing the total number formed to date up to eighty-two thousand, four hundred and fifty.

DRINKING CUPS FOR PUPILS

Ten thousand individual paper drinking cups were recently presented to Boston school children by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Each cup bore the picture of a horse's head and these lines:

Our Animal Friends:

To be just to them and kind
Shows the noble heart and mind.

Are you a member of the Band of Mercy?

The Society has always been loyally supported by the boys and girls of the public schools in so many of which Bands of Mercy have been formed. It recognizes in them the future champions of the anti-cruelty cause.

HUMANE TRAINING FOR TEACHERS

The State Normal School of Bellingham, Washington, has a compulsory course in humane education, comprising ten lectures, etc. A bibliography of humane literature is given the students, who are required to report on the number they have read. Plans are being made for lectures by prominent humane workers of the state of Washington. Last year, when the subject was optional, about sixty students took it, and much interest was shown.

By C. H. JONES, Editor Weekly Cat News

PATIENCE WITH CATS



HE cat is a patient creature. She will stand abuse for some time before she will show her displeasure. If you have a nice, little, even-tempered cat and wish to spoil her, place her in the care of some one who manifests impatience at the slightest thing which happens or some times when nothing happens. A person who is naturally impatient does not have to have a cause before showing it. He goes about with a grouch and when he speaks pleasantly it is a surprise to those about him. Impatience is a characteristic which may soon be taught to an animal. If a dozen times a day a cat is spoken to impatiently then the cat becomes nervous and irritated so that she is in a condition of "temper" at any and all times, and it is not necessary to give her provocation for an exhibition of this trouble any more than it is necessary to give the impatient person a cause. It becomes second nature to be ugly.

It is not always necessary that the impatience be outwardly manifested; one may restrain the manifestations of temper but if it is inside, boiling, the cat is wise and knows it. Cultivate a temperate spirit such as is manifested by a carefully nurtured and well-bred cat. Does the cat scratch you without cause? Slapping her will not cure this trouble. Teach her that you are her friend. If she has been in the hands of some one who has abused her, and impatience is always abuse, let her know that you are different in your make-up and she does not need to scratch you to protect herself from harm. If some one has owned her that has constantly tickled her feet or snapped their fingers in her face and in other ways insulted her intelligence, teach her that in you she will find some one who does none of these tricks. You may take the meanest cat in the world and as soon as you have fully won her confidence you will have one that makes you no trouble by her ugly manner. She may be mean to strangers for she has probably been taught by them that they are her bitter enemies. It is always a pity that kittens are not started right and trained by temperate people to have an amiable manner.

BAND OF MERCY PROGRESS

Bands of Mercy have recently been reorganized in the Sherman school of Cincinnati, Ohio. Twenty-one Bands, formed by Principal W. S. Strickland, are reported as being in a flourishing condition, the children showing much interest in the work.

The schools of Superior, Wisconsin, are being systematically organized into Bands of Mercy through the efforts of Mrs. F. C. Buckley, who is giving much time to the task. Principal Boots of the Peter Cooper school has been giving instruction along humane lines for over a year. He has the work well organized and will continue it independently of the other schools.

WEEKLY CAT NEWS

The above is the title of an eight-page paper, which made its initial appearance under date of October 21. It is edited by C. H. Jones, 62 State street, Rochester, New York, publisher of the successful monthlies, the *Cat Journal* and the *Dog Journal*. The new weekly will give "reports of club meetings, show reports, and the almost daily happenings of the cat world." From its columns we republish on this page one of Mr. Jones' practical talks on how to deal with cats. Subscriptions to the new publication are fifty cents.



THE BABE IN THE MANGER

Once a little Baby lay
Cradled on the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas;
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wondering cattle stood around,
Long ago on Christmas.

By the shining vision taught,
Shepherds for the Christ-child sought,
Long ago on Christmas;
Guided in a starlit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas.

And today the whole glad earth
Praises God for that Child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas;
For the Life, the Truth, the Way
Came to bless the earth that day,
Long ago on Christmas.

EMILY POULSSON.

For Our Dumb Animals

MOSES, A MINISTER'S CAT

Moses was a handsome "coon" cat. He had long thick fur, gray back and tail, and pure white breast. His great plume-like tail was held high in air, and gracefully waved as he walked. When two weeks old he came to live in a clergyman's family, and by his playfulness and rare charm became a great favorite with many people.

The study was his favorite haunt. Every morning after his breakfast, he went up-stairs and made himself comfortable in a box upon the desk, where he could see all that happened on the street below. In the afternoon he entertained the many callers with great success.



MOSES

Weddings were his especial delight, the bride chiefly interesting him, and he did his best to make such occasions pleasant. At dusk he played out of doors for a few hours, but when called always ran home at full speed.

Rarely dignified and neat, and very wise, by mingling with many people he grew to be almost human. His tastes were very decided, and he would argue his points by mewings, and the most enticing coquetry, until every one knew just what he wanted. Visitors laughed till they shed tears to see him beg for catnip and malted milk, and play with a doll, which he would hug and kiss.

His summers were spent by a beautiful lake near Mount Monadnock, where he greatly delighted in the woods and wild animals. When the family went on the lake in boats, he would follow them along the shore until weary, and on their return merrily welcomed them at the wharf and trotted on before. Many post cards were sent to him by admirers traveling in America, and distant lands.

Suddenly, when ten and a half years old, Moses was stolen, to the great regret of many friends. After diligent search no trace of him could be found. If alive, we hope he is having kind care. If dead, and there is a heaven for cats, we know that Moses, gentlest and best of cats, will be there.

Waltham, Mass.

E. W. W.,

For Our Dumb Animals

OTHER THINGS BESIDES WAR THAT ARE HELL

No one can investigate the American slaughterhouse very far without concluding that killing of food animals at the most up-to-date establishments, and with government oversight, is, to say the very least, the only method that a civilized community should tolerate.

I will not dwell upon the unspeakable atrocities termed butchering that take place in secluded places as a result of the lack of public abattoir facilities in this state, of laws to compel stunning before bleeding, and the blindfolding of animals to spare them visible evidences of their impending fate.

These features of slaughter, as all readers of *Our Dumb Animals* know, are being contended for by officers of the M. S. P. C. A. with all the resources and energy at their command. Nor will I dwell upon the management, methods or machinery of those plants that kill food creatures in large numbers.

As far as I have witnessed slaughtering done under the most expeditious methods in vogue under present laws in the big government inspected slaughter-houses, I am bound to admit that they constitute an immense improvement over the country butcher's methods.

As a quick, clean business proposition the slaughter of 250 hogs an hour which I witnessed recently, would seem to be, and doubtless is, the acme of a perfected business system.

I have nothing but words of praise for the cleanliness, order, system and courtesy displayed throughout the whole place. Government inspection, I learn, has done much to bring about these conditions. That they do exist in this particular establishment I am glad to testify, and I noticed that everything which ingenuity, and regard for cleanliness, and even the welfare of the animals, could suggest up to ten minutes of the time of killing and ten minutes thereafter, was to be observed.

But there is a period of half an hour in each hog's life, even at this establishment, which must be concentrated hell for it, and I lay the scene before the reader, not to excite prejudice against a business enterprise as considerate and humane probably as it is necessary to be, under existing laws, with due regard for the exigencies of business, but rather to stir up the consumers of the product to place on the statute-books laws that shall require their meat to be absolutely without taint of cruelty in its preparation:

"Out of the cars into long runs swarmed an 'afternoon's kill' of handsome vari-colored western hogs, into the clean cement-floor pens of the housing barn, glad of an outing—reasoning, I suppose, that liberty or partial freedom was theirs again. Up a long incline they are shoo'd, over a fifty-foot 'bridge of sighs,' or 'squeals,' as you prefer, and shunted fifteen or twenty at a time into a smaller enclosure where two men with stout sticks stand to welt them into the slaughtering-pen when the time arrives.

"It is in this first pen that the hogs' hell begins. They are obliged, with every evidence of utter terror and with heads huddled piteously together seeking common protection, to listen to the wild pandemonium broken loose just over the bars where their fellows are being jerked up alive by a hind leg to receive, ten feet farther on, the fatal knife-thrust which transforms their already horrid contortions into a diabolical frenzy, this finesse of cruelty to a human food-product finding its final expression in unearthly squealing filtered through quarts of spouting blood.

"Two hogs dropped off the hook before they were stuck, as I looked on, some 300 pounds of dead weight falling on the animal's face from a height of five feet.

"I saw a hog's eye jammed in during the pummeling with clubs administered by the two Hessians in the outside pen whose business it was to force the animals into the slaughter-pen.

"This clubbing is necessary at this stage of the killing, under existing conditions, and whether the hog gets maimed is of no moment. He's going to die soon anyway.

"This, kind reader, is a brief pen picture of your pork-food in the making. You are the one whose dietary desires have brought these infernos into existence. What are you going to do about it? Don't blame the modern government-inspected slaughter-house; blame yourself, your fiat has made the business possible. It must be your fiat through legislation to place it upon a plane which shall guarantee absolute freedom from suffering and fear as far as human ingenuity can encompass it, to the slaughter of these animals whose flesh you desire for food."

Devote yourself, therefore, with your money, time and talents to the work of securing justice and mercy for the dumb creatures that administer to your pleasure and for which also the humane society is so assiduously laboring.

If you should witness a moving picture show of the hogs that I saw slaughtered, illustrated with films taken from ten minutes before to ten minutes after the fatal knife-thrust, you would go from the show, as I did away from the abattoir, with a sense of depression that days and weeks could not dispel.

ED. H. PACKARD.

CONSOLATION

Full dismal blows the wind
Without my cabin, here,
And many times I find
Myself possessed of fear.

I often hear a sound
As if a stranger tried
To enter here, but found
The door made fast inside.

The nights are filled with dread,
And fancy even scrolls
Gray visions of the dead—
Ghosts of departed souls.

But never near me creeps
What fancy oft invites.
My dog a vigil keeps
Throughout the awful nights.

HOWARD C. KEGLEY in *Outdoor Life*.

A BLIND PHOTOGRAPHER

If there is one occupation wherein eyes seem absolutely indispensable, it is that of the photographer. For one without sight success in this field seems impossible, yet Mr. Harry A. Moore of Muscatine, Iowa, though blind since his seventh year, has achieved remarkable results in the very highest branch of the art—photography of animals.

A collection of excellent prints, taken and sent to us by Mr. Moore, shows landscapes and sea-views, handsome buildings and street scenes of his native city, and, most wonderful of all, several pictures of his St. Bernard puppy, "Trump."

Like all of his kind and age the little dog was curious and restless before the camera, yet the accompanying reproduction shows him well posed and "looking natural," all of which attests the remarkable skill and infinite patience of the blind picture-maker.



BRONTE



FTER months of constant companionship with Bronte I am free to say that she is the most unsolvable animal puzzle that I have yet struck, writes Fred High of Chicago, in the *Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Connecticut), to which we are indebted for this excellent picture of Bronte.

I will not attempt to describe how this Scotch collie can tell that 24 divided by 6 is 4 or how 2 added to 4 is 6. All I know is that she will bark it out so quickly that it will puzzle the human mind to keep up with her. I have seen her when placed in a closet tell how many fingers different persons in the room would hold up. I have seen her entertain judges, lawyers, doctors, preachers, men, women and children, educated and ignorant.

Bronte, whose acting has made thousands of school children love and appreciate animals, has probably delighted more school children than any entertainer in America. She has appeared before almost two thousand audiences of school children alone.



BRONTE

She entertained the children at the Blind Institute of Janesville, Wisconsin. The city high school and the ward schools were just as enthusiastic in their praise of her wonderful efforts to entertain as were the boys and girls at the Blind Institute.

Perhaps there is a reason why Bronte has just appeared at thirty-five Chautauquas this summer. Ernest Thompson-Seton said, "Bronte is the best object lesson for kindness to animals now before the American public." She has never had a whipping and in fact a cross word almost breaks her kind, loving and sensitive heart.

Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, has versified Bronte as follows:

"They say I am a tricky dog. Not so—
I think, I reason else how can I know
What those who love and feed me think about,
If you are honest I will bark it out.
Taught first by love and kindness to obey,
Instinct and reason then began to play;
And when I heard 'to be or not to be'
I wondered if there was a heaven for me.
Have you a soul? Then look into my eyes
And see reflected there without disguise
The purest love that soul has ever given,
And if for dogs like me there is no heaven
Then woe is me, alas, alas, alas,
God pity Master Will—and Capt. Jack."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

New Bands of Mercy With Names of Presidents

Attleboro, Mass.
Bliss School

81807 No. 6

L. H. George

81808 No. 7

F. E. Bowen

81809 No. 8

C. L. Crossman

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Luckey Public School No. 1

81810 No. 1 Helen Henning

81811 No. 2 Emma Quigg

81812 No. 3 Lida Beech

81813 No. 4 Agnes Rankin

81814 No. 5 Florence Mitchell

81815 No. 6 Mrs. Nannie E. Benn

Luckey Public School No. 2

81816 No. 1 Evelyn Henderson

81817 No. 2 Ravenna Graat

81818 No. 3 Almira Trunick

81819 No. 4 Bertha Martin

81820 No. 5 Bertha Tieg

81821 No. 6 Mabel Clouse

81822 No. 7 Margaret Bell

81823 No. 8 Mrs. M. Rodenbaugh

81824 No. 9 Martha MacDonald

81825 No. 10 Ethel Moorhead

81826 No. 11 Sarah Collins

81827 No. 12 Marion Mulligan

81828 No. 13 Anna MacClurg

81829 No. 14 Bertha Rosenbar

81830 No. 15 Bertha Rosenbar

Cargo Public School

81831 No. 1 Cora L. Douglass

81832 No. 2 Cora L. Douglass

81833 No. 3 Clara Henderson

81834 No. 4 Clara Henderson

81835 No. 5 Helen Burnside

81836 No. 6 Sarah H. Mackie

81837 No. 7 A. McKibbin

81838 No. 8 Mrs. H. C. Brown

81839 No. 9 Blanche M. Brown

81840 No. 10 Agnes B. Dixon

81841 No. 11 Eva G. McCandless

81842 No. 12 Anna Kauf

81843 No. 13 Katherine Donahoe

Whittier Building

81844 No. 1 Anna E. Newell

81845 No. 2 Elizabeth J. Brose

81846 No. 3 Clara N. Brisin

81847 No. 4 Jane K. McKelvie

81848 No. 5 Margaret B. Taggart

81849 No. 6 Elnor McCaddon

81850 No. 7 Blanche McCann

Main Public School

81851 No. 1 Elizabeth J. Weir

81852 No. 2 Elizabeth R. Seed

81853 No. 3 Ethel V. Gault

81854 No. 4 Ethel V. Gault

81855 No. 5 Bessie M. Ley

81856 No. 6 Margaret M. Milligan

81857 No. 7 Eleanor G. Clouse

81858 No. 8 Florence A. Wayman

81859 No. 9 Mina Goldenberg

81860 No. 10 Mazie E. Weir

81861 No. 11 Agnes F. Blasford

81862 No. 12 Catherine A. Soffel

81863 No. 13 Mayme Kelly

81864 No. 14 Bessie B. O'Neill

81865 No. 15 Anna M. Miller

81866 No. 16 Maude E. Millholland

81867 No. 17 Ida M. Slater

Moorhead Public Sch. No. 2

81868 No. 1 Mary Behrn

81869 No. 2 Mary Kornhauser

81870 No. 3 Edna Courtenay

81871 No. 4 Edna Courtenay

81872 No. 5 Alice McMahon

81873 No. 6 Alice McMahon

81874 No. 7 Annie Cochran

81875 No. 8 Annie Cochran

81876 No. 9 Fannie Mazer

81877 No. 10 Kate Moore

81878 No. 11 Kate Moore

81879 No. 12 Clara Kambler

81880 No. 13 Eva Conrad

81881 No. 14 Eva Conrad

81882 No. 15 Margaret Davidson

81883 No. 16 Margaret Davidson

81884 No. 17 Naomi White

81885 No. 18 Blanche Levy

81886 No. 19 Margaret Fitzpatrick

81887 No. 20 Florence Sproul

81888 No. 21 Margaret Gallagher

81889 No. 22 Kathleen Sullivan

81890 No. 23 Rose Soupcoff

81891 No. 24 Mary M. Mercer

81892 No. 25 Ella Langton

Moorhead Public Sch. No. 1

81893 No. 1 Carrie Tomer

81894 No. 2 Jennie Nelson

81895 No. 3 Mary Roll

81896 No. 4 Mrs. Fox

81897 No. 5 Miss Smith

81898 No. 6 Miss McGough

81899 No. 7 Florence Manning

81900 No. 8 Agnes Shilliday

81901 No. 9 K. V. Kearns

81902 No. 10 Ethel Brown

81903 No. 11 Elizabeth Lefkowsky

81904 No. 12 Mary Kerr

81905 No. 13 Ethel Cadison

81906 No. 14 Mrs. V. B. Bennett

81907 No. 15 Raye C. Levy

81908 No. 16 Ethel Haller

81909 No. 17 Olive C. Herron

81910 No. 18 Olive C. Herron

81911 No. 19 Harriett Alker

81912 No. 20 Harriett Alker

81913 No. 21 Elizabeth Kromer

81914 No. 22 Ruby Richardson

81915 No. 23 M. K. Scanlon

81916 No. 24 M. K. Scanlon

81917 No. 25 Katherine M. Brown

81918 No. 26 Katherine M. Brown

81919 No. 27 Estelle Devlin

81920 No. 28 Estelle Devlin

81921 No. 29 Martha Little

81922 No. 30 Elizabeth McKarney

81923 No. 31 Myra A. Brown

81924 No. 32 Ruth Golden

81925 No. 33 Elizabeth Reilly

81926 No. 34 Gertrude Kraft

81927 No. 35 Julia Succop

81928 No. 36 J. M. Coffey

81929 No. 37 Edna School

81930 No. 38 Rhea Klineman

81931 No. 39 Beulah Evans

81932 No. 40 Bella J. Irvin

81933 No. 41 M. L. Troop

81934 No. 42 Mary M. Norris

81935 No. 43 Carrie P. Lindsay

81936 No. 44 Marie Purcell

81937 No. 45 Marie Purcell

81938 No. 46 Anna Little

81939 No. 47 Maud Turner

Homestead, Pa.

Third Ward Public School

81940 No. 1 Belle Patton

81941 No. 2 Belle Patton

81942 No. 3 Cora Swisher

81943 No. 4 Cora Swisher

81944 No. 5 Bernice Kenyon

81945 No. 6 Bernice Kenyon

81946 No. 7 Alice Carr

81947 No. 8 Alice Carr

81948 No. 9 Agnes Hyland

81949 No. 10 Agnes Hyland

Fourth Ward Public School

81950 No. 1 Florence Smitzer

81951 No. 2 Florence Smitzer

81952 No. 3 Ella Griffiths

81953 No. 4 Ella Griffiths

81954 No. 5 Jennie Davis

81955 No. 6 Jennie Davis

81956 No. 7 Mary McCormick

81957 No. 8 Carrie Gilmore

81958 No. 9 Carrie Gilmore

Fifth Ward Public School

81959 No. 1 Winifred Morgan

81960 No. 2 Winifred Morgan

81961 No. 3 Grace Moore

81962 No. 4 Grace Moore

81963 No. 5 Minnie Seigleman

81964 No. 6 Minnie Seigleman

81965 No. 7 Rose Jeannero

81966 No. 8 Rose Jeannero

First Ward Public School

81967 No. 1 Etta Brubacker

81968 No. 2 Etta Brubacker

81969 No. 3 Eleanor Lewis

81970 No. 4 Eleanor Lewis

81971 No. 5 Vida Van Horn

81972 No. 6 Vida Van Horn

81973 No. 7 Isabelle Lebeovitz

81974 No. 8 Isabelle Lebeovitz

81975 No. 9 Camie Coen

81976 No. 10 Camie Coen

81977 No. 11 Hannah Martin

81978 No. 12 Hannah Martin

81979 No. 13 Rachel McKinley

81980 No. 14 Rachel McKinley

81981 No. 15 Pansy Jones

81982 No. 16 Pansy Jones

Second Ward Public School

81983 No. 1 Kate Kessler

81984 No. 2 Kate Kessler

81985 No. 3 Ella Lacey

81986 No. 4 Ella Lacey

81987 No. 5 Relta Keitzer

81988 No. 6 Relta Keitzer

81989 No. 7 Bertha Critchlow

81990 No. 8 Bertha Critchlow

81991 No. 9 Margaret Showalter

81992 No. 10 Margaret Showalter

81993 No. 11 Nellie Rogers

Roy, Wash.

Roy Public School

81994 Grades 7, 8, 9 & 10

Prof. C. W. Fawcett

81995 Grades 5 & 6

Waitie Grover

El Granada, Calif.

Miramar Public School

81996 "Work & Win League"

Miss Anita Schmidt

Harley, Texas

81997 Kindness to Animals

Miss Edna Wyatt

Centralia, Wash.

Lincoln School

81998 3d Grade

Bertha Radike

81999 4th Grade

Areta Waters

82000 5th Grade

Kate McNeil

82001 6th Grade

Zella Brewer

82002 7th Grade

Edith Hawley

82003 8th Grade

Ella Brashears

Topsham, Me.

Vallet District Sunday Sch.

82004 No. 1 Mrs. Wm. Dunning

82005 No. 2 Mrs. Harry Rackley

82006 No. 3 Harry Rackley

Dubuque, Iowa.

82007 "The Lincoln Band"

Esther Zimmerman

Attleboro, Mass.

Dodgeville School

82008 No. 1 M. J. Roberts

82009 No. 2 A. M. Cutting

82010 No. 3 G. B. Sands

82011 No. 4 M. G. Gillis

Hebronville School

82012 No. 1 L. M. Bassett

82013 No. 2 A. E. Drew

82014 No. 3 M. A. Hodges

82015 No. 4 J. S. Pierce

South

Centre School	No. 8 School	82222 No. 5 Mrs. C. Hunnewell	Paterson, N. J.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
82127 Loyal Protectors	82170 Willing Workers	Oswego, N. Y.	82293 Paterson	15th Ward School
Ethel G. Mott	Sara C. Harticon	82223 Oswego Normal	Wm. R. Schneible	82349 No. 1 Gertrude Myers
Island High Sch. Humane	No. 7 School	Miss Pauline Ferguson	Duluth, Minn.	82350 No. 2 Rhoda Bell
Soc.	82171 Brave Helpers	Frankfurt, N. Y.	Emerson School	82351 No. 3 A. C. Hagenlocker
82128 Div. 1 Fred L. Sawyer	Helen P. Foster	82224 Daisy	82294 No. 1 Ella Zahl	82352 No. 4 Ethel M. Jackson
82129 Div. 2 Rose Champlin	No. 1 School	Townsend Fish	82295 No. 2 Edward Gould	82353 No. 5 A. C. Freeland
Peacedale, R. I.	82172 True Protectors	Little Falls, N. Y.	82296 No. 3 Raymond Plouff	82354 No. 6 A. C. Freeland
Peacedale School	Ruth E. Hoffman	82225 Ford	82297 No. 4 John Burke	82355 No. 7 Mary F. Nelson
Messengers for the Helpless	No. 9 School	Ford Wagner Trask	82298 No. 5 Edward De Santa	82356 No. 8 Mary F. Nelson
82130 Div. 1 Cora L. Sheldon	82173 Protectors of the Helpless	Groton, Mass.	82299 No. 6 Helen McGregor	82357 No. 9 E. I. Hazlett
82131 Div. 2 Mary Lyons	No. 10 School	82226 Chaplin	Edwards, Miss.	82358 No. 10 Alice P. Williams
82132 Div. 3 Magd'e C. Brennan	82174 Kind Helpers	Miss Mary H. Kimball	82300 Mothers	82359 No. 11 Alice P. Williams
82133 Div. 4 Alice Ray	Effie L. Adams	82227 Butler Grammar	Mrs. Julia S. Baldwin	82360 No. 12 Rose M. Laager
Tuckertown School	Cincinnati, Ohio	Mrs. Olive M. Wilson	82301 St. Mark	82361 No. 13 Rose M. Laager
82134 Tuckertown	Sherman School	Kansas City, Mo.	Mrs. Eliza A. Crowder	82362 No. 14 Emma Ebert
Jennie M. Reid	82175 Edwin Landseer	Horace Mann Public School	82302 Friendship	82363 No. 15 Inez Johnson
Wakefield, R. I.	Julia Catalano	82228 Room No. 8	Mr. B. B. Bolton	82364 No. 16 Anna M. Smith
Wakefield School	82176 Royal Promise	Helen Hapke	Tishomingo, Okla.	82365 No. 17 Anna M. Smith
Willing Sentinels	Helen Ledman	Newport, R. I.	82303 Earnest Workers	82366 No. 18 Martha R. Brooks
82135 Div. 1 Isabel C. French	82177 Edwin Landseer	Calvert Sch. Humane Soc.	Frankie Eubonk	82367 No. 19 Emma M. Day
82136 Div. 2 Esther Waters	Sallie Levine	82229 Div. 1 Eleanor L. Freeman	Rockport, Me.	82368 No. 20 Ida F. Opperman
82137 Div. 3 Sarah M. Wilbur	82178 Washington	82230 Div. 2 Ethel C. Potter	82304 Rockport Nancy J. Tribon	82369 No. 21 Viola Barr
82138 Div. 4 May A. Shannon	John Allensworth	82231 Div. 3 Edith Y. Babcock	Hope, Me.	82370 No. 22 Martha Woodburn
82139 Div. 5 Mary E. Carr	82179 Sympathy	82232 Div. 4 Teresa E. Sullivan	Hope Mary C. Barrett	West Homestead, Pa.
82140 Div. 6 Mary D. Whaley	Isidore Peal	82233 Div. 5 Miss Donovan	Newport, Me.	West Homestead Pub. Sch.
82141 Div. 7 Clara P. Whaley	82180 Black Beauty	82234 Div. 6 Annie I. Agnew	82306 Newport Bessie Sanborn	82371 No. 1 Sara Ball
82142 Div. 8 Mary E. Stare	Luella Smith	82235 Div. 7 Anna E. Brice	Hampden, Mass.	82372 No. 2 Sara Ball
82143 Div. 9 Nellie Palmer	82181 Sherman Star	82236 Div. 8 Julia T. Downing	School No. 1	82373 No. 3 Rose May Patterson
Matunuck, R. I.	June Walker	Carey School Humane Soc.	82307 No. 1 Rose Dimock	82374 No. 4 Rose May Patterson
Matunuck School	82182 Little Kind Hearts	82237 Div. 1 Eliz. C. Kiernan	82308 No. 2 Myrtle Smith	82375 No. 5 Mollie Muir
"Matunuck"	Esther Berger	82238 Div. 2 Annie E. Lee	Mountain School	82376 No. 6 Priscilla Daisie
82144 Div. 1 Ruth E. Sherman	82183 Sherman	82239 Div. 3 Elizabeth G. Nuss	82309 No. 1 Alice May	82377 No. 7 Anna Howell
82145 Div. 2 Edna Dawley	Hilda Cohen	82240 Div. 4 Susanna S. Groff	82310 No. 2 Grace Pease	82378 No. 8 Jean Moon
Curtis Corner, R. I.	82184 Golden Star	82241 Div. 5 Annie I. Driscoll	82311 Scantic School	82379 No. 9 Alice Ackward
Curtis Corner School	Paul Tillotson	82242 Div. 6 Mary A. Harrington	Ruth Mansfield	82380 No. 10 Alice Calhoun
82146 "Curtis Corner"	82185 Golden Star	82243 Div. 7 Mary E. Stanhope	82312 School No. 4 Eva May	Exeter, R. I.
Mary B. May	Eli Blumberg	82244 Div. 8 Emily M. Bradley	Wilbraham, Mass.	82381 Kind Protectors
Valley Falls, R. I.	82186 White Star	Thayer Sch. Humane Soc.	82313 Stony Hill School	Minnie E. Sherman
St. Patrick's Parochial Sch.	Sylvia Baron	82245 Div. 1 Barbara C. Taylor	Harriett Cushman	82382 Loyal Protectors
82147-54 Protectors of the Helpless	82187 Golden Rose	82246 Div. 2 Lillie G. Currin	The Pines School	Maud V. Hoxsie
Thornton, R. I.	Sarah Wasserman	82247 Div. 3 A. Lee	82314 No. 1 Jennie Hinnitz	82383 Kind Helpers
Simmons School	82188 The Star	82248 Div. 4 Louisa C. Maher	82315 No. 2 Emma Smith	Anna L. Kenyon
Simmons School	Isabelle Frankel	Clarke School Humane Soc.	82316 Mile Tree School	82384 Kind Hearted Helpers
82155 Div. 1 Effie R. Boyce	Golden Rule	82249 Div. 1 Blanche A. Cowles	Elizabeth Pease	Jennie Crandall
82156 Div. 2 G. E. Smiley	Lola Kirsch	82250 Div. 2 Eleanor C. Mackie	Centre School	Acadia, R. I.
Antioch, R. I.	82190 Brownie	82251 Div. 3 Alice M. Donovan	82317 No. 1 Mary Mack	Acadia School
Antioch School	Marguerite Frank	82252 Div. 4 Honora R. Gifford	82318 No. 2 Alice Morse	82385 Kind Hearted Protectors
82157 "Antioch"	82191 Eugene Field	82253 Div. 5 Clara B. Peckham	82319 No. 5 School	Phoebe L. Richmond
Mrs. Irene B. Salisbury	Mabel Dettro	82254 Div. 6 Elsie M. Hathaway	Catherine Curran	Hopkinton R. I.
Scituate, R. I.	82192 George Washington	Coddington Sch. Hum'e Soc.	82320 East Wilbraham School	Barberville School
Barnes School	Robert Griffen	82255 Div. 1 Dudley E. Campbell	Mary Marsh	82386 True Hearted Helpers
82158 Hope	82193 Golden Rule	82256 Div. 2 Jennie W. Mackie	82321 Glendale School	Ella F. Barber
J. Hazel Seamans	Allalee Archer	82257 Div. 3 M. P. Muenchinger	Florence Moore	North Scituate, R. I.
Saundersville, R. I.	82194 Androclus	82258 Div. 4 Mylie M. Frank	North Wilbraham School	Chopmist School
Saundersville School	Mildred Drew	82259 Div. 5 Emma A. Eddy	82322 No. 1 E. L. Morgan	82387 Protectors of the Helpless
82159 Willing Helpers	82195 Kindergarten	82260 Div. 6 Mary L. Dwyer	82323 No. 2 Miss Harrigan	James S. Tucker
Mrs. Florence Hayden	Israel Aaron	82261 Div. 7 Henrietta C. Groton	82324 No. 3 Miss Hull	Foster, R. I.
North Scituate, R. I.	Duluth, Minn.	82262 Div. 8 Ella D. Callahan	Longmeadow, Mass.	Ponagansett School
Rocky Hill School	Jackson School	82263 Div. 9 Florence T. Carr	Longmeadow School	82388 Kind Protectors
82160 Kind Helpers	82196 No. 1 Eugene Norris	82264 Div. 10 Florence T. Carr	82325 No. 1 L. B. Carver	Mrs. Lena M. H. Simmons
George W. Burlingame	82197 No. 2 Cecile Rigstad	82265 Div. 11 Elizabeth S. Ward	82326 No. 2 F. Maud Pease	Hopkins Mills School
Eagle School	82198 No. 3 Fred Saxine	82266 Div. 12 Margt. O. Connell	82327 No. 3 S. L. Brown	82389 Hopkins Mills Humane Soc.
82161 Kind Protectors	82199 No. 4 Fred Jollner	82267 Div. 13 Jennie Reid	82328 No. 4 Gertrude Colwill	Clara Wade Clemence
Herbert E. Baxter	82200 No. 5 Arthur Filleatruait	Lenthal School Humane Soc.	82329 No. 5 Fannie Piper	Harmony School
Academy School	82201 No. 6 John Sullivan	82268 Div. 1 Clarence A. Carr	East Longmeadow, Mass.	82390 Loyal Protectors
82162 Loyal Protectors	82202 No. 7 Miss Thilert	82269 Div. 2 Maria J. Gale	Centre School	Nancie E. Aylesworth
Stephen Chapman	82203 No. 8 Miss West	82270 Div. 3 Kath. A. Driscoll	82330 No. 1 C. M. Howlett	Mt. Hygeia School
West Greenwich, R. I.	82204 No. 9 Miss Anderson	82271 Div. 4 Cecelia W. Feeney	82331 No. 2 Christine Purmort	82391 Mt. Hygeia Humane Soc.
Hopkins Hill School	Superior, Wis.	82272 Div. 5 Mary M. Nuss	82332 No. 3 Edith F. Smith	Frank Edgar Dixon
82163 Loyal Protectors	Peter Cooper School	82273 Div. 6 S. Joseph's Peabody	82333 No. 4 Florence Maché	Howard Hill School
Leslie Steere	82205 Div. 1 Carl Anderson	82274 Div. 7 J. McG. Buchanan	82334 No. 5 Mildred Buck	82392 Helpers of the Helpless
Greene Valley School	82206 Div. 2 Lester Luce	82275 Div. 8 Sarah L. Currin	82335 No. 6 Ida M. Atwood	Ida M. Brown
82164 Kind Protectors	82207 Div. 3 Randolph Wasseen	82276 Div. 9 Amelia M. Greene	82336 Baptist Village School	Mosopus Valley School
Clara E. Mott	82208 Div. 4 Esther Haeske	Mumford Sch. Humane Soc.	Mildred Jones	82393 Faithful Protectors
Kitt's Corner School	82209 Div. 5 Florence Sout	82277 Div. 1 Elizabeth Hammett	82337 Hall Hill School Miss Cole	Clara M. Olney
82165 Faithful Protectors	82210 Div. 6 Robert Flemming	82278 Div. 2 Rebecca Bosworth	82338 East School Abia Stone	Johnston School
Edith M. Fiske	82211 Div. 7 R. Christopherson	82279 Div. 3 Isabella T. Mackie	82339 North School	Loyal Friends
Sharpe St. School	82212 Div. 8 Jennie Waldum	82280 Div. 4 Grace B. Brazier	Clifton Kibbie	Susie F. Bassett
82166 Protectors of the Helpless	Paterson, N. J.	82281 Div. 5 Maye M. Rounds	Kansas City, Kansas	Woods District School
Cora E. Wells	Belmont	82282 Div. 6 Harriett I. Groff	82340 First Presbyterian Church	82395 Loyal Protectors
East Providence, R. I.	Gertrude Pierpont	82283 Div. 7 Eliz. C. Murphy	Mrs. C. I. Lee	Ruth Boss
Ruhlin River School	Woodwich, Me.	82284 Div. 8 Hattie B. Sherman	Duluth, Minn.	South Scituate, R. I.
82167 Willing Workers	North Methodist S. S.	Coggeshall Sch. Humane Soc.	Washington School	Richmond School
Isabelle Shields	82214 No. 1 Mrs. D. W. Baker	82285 Div. 1 Harriett S. Downing	82341 No. 1 Mildred Coleman	82396 Kind Helpers
Little Compton, R. I.	82215 No. 2 Mrs. Wm. Ham	82286 Div. 2 Julia F. Pitman	82342 No. 2 Roswell King	Zelotie A. Coman
No. 4 School	82216 No. 3 Mrs. Blair	82287 Div. 3 Katherine W. Hay	82343 No. 3 James Johnson	Pottersville School
82168 Kind Protectors	82217 No. 4 David Ames	82288 Div. 4 Agnes E. Agnew	82344 No. 4 Sylvester Meyers	82397 Pottersville Humane Soc.
Clara F. Dailey	Free Baptist S. S.	82289 Div. 5 Clara C. D. Nissen	82345 No. 5 Percy Abelson	Annie E. Jacques
No. 2 School	82218 No. 1 Charles Hunnewell	82290 Div. 6 Mabel L. White	82346 No. 6 William Mealey	Superior, Wisconsin
82169 Kind Helpers	82220 No. 3 Mrs. Ashbury	82291 Div. 7 Genevieve Morrison	82347 No. 7 Meta Lautenschlager	J. G. Blaine School
Mrs. Winifred Carton	82221 No. 4 Mrs. Brooks	82292 Div. 8 Kath. P. Manchester	82348 No. 8 Alice Lautenschlager	82398 No. 1
				82399 No. 2 Hilder Bergman



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Courtesy of Youth's Companion

For Our Dumb Animals by MAUD BUTLER

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY



EARIE ME," Grandma Duck looked up from her knitting with a worried expression, "if it won't be Christmas Day a week from tomorrow, and little Quacker will be just six months old. I really must have a party."

At that moment Quacker, himself, came running in to warm his toes, for he had been sliding on the ice with Sammy Bowser.

"Wouldn't you like to have a party, Quacker?" asked his grandmother.

"Oh, Granny! Granny! When?" And the little duck danced up and down excitedly. "Today?"

"Today! Listen to the child. As if I could give a party today when the house is in heaps, and Mr. Bowser hasn't brought the groceries I ordered yesterday."

Quacker's face fell. "But when, Granny?"

"We'll have it Christmas Day. Who would you like to have, my dear?"

"Let's have Tommy and Sammy Bowser, and the four little Plymouths, and Mr. Bunny, and Miss Tabitha, and Johnny Squirrel, and—"

"That's enough, that's enough, child. How many do you want, for goodness' sake. Mrs. Plymouth will have to come too, for I wouldn't have those four mischievous youngsters of hers around unless she were here to look after them."

Preparations were begun at once, and the invitations were delivered next day by a very important Quacker.

Christmas Day came almost before Grandma Duck was ready for it, and with it, at a most impolite hour, came the four little Plymouths, their mother following them proudly.

"I couldn't keep them home, Mrs. Duck," she said, "but I know you won't mind having the dears a little early. Such sweet children!" And she clucked indulgently at the "sweet children," who were making havoc with Grandma Duck's Christmas greens.

Such a success as that party was! Everybody came, dressed in their Sunday best, and everybody behaved beautifully except the little Plymouths, who kept things in a constant turmoil. Oh, the good things to eat! And right in the center of the table was a cake for Quacker, with six lovely pink candles on it. Johnny Squirrel offered to crack all the nuts as he could do it so much quicker than anyone else.

It was a tired but happy Quacker that Grandma Duck put to bed that night. "I wish Christmas came every day," he sighed sleepily, as she tucked him in.

"Well I don't," answered his grandmother, "for you'll be

as cross as two sticks tomorrow, you ate so much, and, besides, those rascally little Plymouths have torn nearly everything they could reach to pieces."

For Our Dumb Animals by LOUELLA C. POOLE

THE ZEBRA

"Now what is this? Who here can tell?"

The teacher asked her youthful class,
And at the picture held to view,
Each puzzled little lad and lass

Seemed much perplexed. Was it a horse?

No, never horse was striped like that.

A colt? A mule? Up went a hand

From one small chap who always sat

The lowest down along the row—

Her dullest boy, the teacher said.

"Well, Johnny, can you tell us, dear?"

Then Johnny smiled, and scratched his head.

"Oh, yes, I know; you can't fool me,"

He said as he eyed the curious brute

With stripes galore, like a barber's pole—

"It's a horse in a bathing suit!"

TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Within your hearts a Christmas tree

This day is set a-growing,

That on its branches you may hang

The gifts most worth the showing.

A sunny smile, a pleasant word,

For every one about you,

And willing hands, to make folks feel

They cannot do without you.

An honest speech, a fearless eye,

A kindness without measure—

'Tis gifts like these upon your trees

That give the sweetest pleasure.

SPEAK TRUTH

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest or please
By harping on that minor cord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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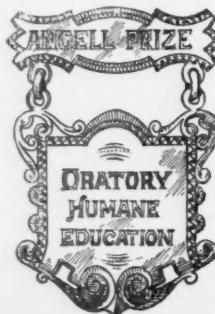
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Actual monthly circulation exceeds 61,000.

Only gratuitous contributions considered.

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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